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Editorial.

STOCKBRIDGE'S PATENT.

We have heard frequent and severe criticisms upon the fact that Prof. Stockbridge had obtained a patent upon the formulas for the composition of fertilizers worked out by him, and which are now pretty well known to the farming community. These criticisms have been made not merely by those who are hostile to the college or are naturally only too willing to find fault with anything done or undertaken there, but by many who would not willingly misstate or misrepresent the motives of any officer of the College.

We neither sympathize with nor agree to the justice of those criticisms. They proceed from a want of knowledge of the circumstances of the case, and when these circumstances are fairly understood it will clearly appear that a patent was the only security either for the reputation of the college or of Prof. Stockbridge himself. Before any steps were taken in this direction it became known that various parties, some eight or ten, we think, were about to embark in the manufacture of fertilizers according to these formulas. As these were known, and had been made public through the agricultural press and the reports of the College and of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, there was nothing to prevent anybody in any part of the country from using them and advertising them everywhere as Stockbridge's Fertilizers. There could have been no guaranty, no security for the honesty of the manufacture. There might, and no doubt would have been an endless amount of cheating in the composition of these fertilizers and they would have been sold under Stockbridge's name. The result not being satisfactory, there would have been hundreds ready enough to say the whole thing is a humbug, and not only Prof. Stockbridge, but the Agricultural College itself, would have been brought into discredit, and there would have been no help for it.

We say, therefore, that under these circumstances, it was not simply right to secure a patent under which the manufacture and sale in Stockbridge's name could be controlled, but it was a duty he owed to himself and to the reputation of the College; a duty he owed to the farmers of the State, who have a right to expect an honest thing to proceed from the College, and who ought to feel a reasonable degree of confidence a the high toned honor of every officer connected with it.

But it is said that farmers ought to have the free right to all the information and the discoveries, if there are any, that may proceed from the college, without any condition or hindrance, and there are some that find fault because, under the patent, Prof. Stockbridge is supposed to derive a small income from the sale, as if whatever small royalty may come to him, adds so much to the cost of the article to them. We do not know how much the professor may derive from it, how much per ton or how much in the aggregate, nor is it any of our business to inquire into it, but we are quite sure that it is for the interest of agriculture and of the farmers of the State, that he should have a general control over the manufacture and sale of the articles, and that the fact that they are made and sold under his immediate authority constitutes the strongest guaranty of the honesty and purity of the fertilizers themselves. No man who knows Prof. Stockbridge can suppose for a moment, that he is going to lend his name and authority to a cheat and a fraud on the farming public. He has too much at stake in the way of reputation and position to admit of that, or even the suspicion of it in the mind of any one. The articles are sold under a guaranty of their purity, and if they are not up to it the purchaser has his remedy, and when the want of quality is shown and proved, there will be no need of going to law to secure that remedy in the return of the money. We know the parties well enough to answer for that.

MAKE A RULE

that whenever you buy and apply any commercial fertiliser, no matter what it is or where it is procured, to save a small quantity by itself, a pound or so at least, and keep it safely. Then when the result of the application is known, if it is satisfactory, very well. If not, the sample will tell whether the fault was in the fertiliser or in your mode of application and management. Many fertilizers are condemned, when the manufacturer is not at all to blame, when the fault is wholly that of the farmer who applies them without proper care and judgment.

We did not start with the intention of defending the action of Prof. Stockbridge. He needs no defence, and if he did, he is fully competent to take care of himself. But his course has been misunderstood and misrepresented, and that is a matter that concerns the interests of the college and of the farming community. Whatever may be thought of his formulas, the unifermity of the results, in almost every case through the last seven years, certainly entitles them to respectful consideration and careful trial, and if they prove, on farther experiment, as good and as efficient as they appear to have been in the past, we must all admit that he has rendered an important service to agriculture. That he has acted wisely and prudently in obtaining a patent on them we are quite sure, and we are quite sure also that the farmers of the country ought to thank him for it, rather than to criticize and blame him, since it enables him to control the manufacture and sale, and that is of itself the best guaranty we can have of their quality.

It may be said that parties unknown to him can compound materials according to his formulas now, notwithstanding his patent. So they can, but that is not the point. He does not propose to prevent an individual from buying the materials and mixing them to suit himself if he wants to do so, but no one without his authority can make and sell them as Stockbridge's fertilizers. If any one buys these compounds from unauthorized parties, and the result is unsatisfactory, showing a fraud at the bottom of it, the purchaser cannot turn about and say, it is Stockbridge's fault. The result of such unlawful manufacture and sale cannot bring blame upon the professor or upon the college. The patent is therefore a protection to the professor and to some extent to us all as farmers.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

It is a good plan to give the boys some inducement to take an active and personal interest in the enterprise, some piece of land to cultivate on their own hook, or some chance to make a little money by their skill, industry and attention, whether it is in the way of a small lot of land, the keeping of poultry or some other kind of stock. Every one, whether it be boy or man, works better to have a personal interest and share in the work. It is no doubt true that one great reason why farmers' boys are so anxious to leave the farm and go in pursuit of other business is in consequence of so much drudgery and hard work. The bone and muscle are too much exercised and the mind too much chained and narrowed down. Every farmer should endeavor to give his boys a good common school education, at least, and if his means are adequate to go beyond this, all the better. Why should not the boy who intends to become a farmer, be as well educated as though intended for mercantile or any other pursuit? Boys should be taught in the school-room as well as at home, that farming is healthy and honorable and independent, not low and degrading, as some appear to think. We ought to insist upon habits of industry and obedience, but do all in our power to attach them to the homestead.

SPAVINS.

The communication of "F. J." in the *Ploughman* of April 1st, is commonsense like, viz: vinegar, iron and salt. Equal parts of vinegar and water (cold) may answer the purpose equally well, thereby reducing inflammatory action, preventing too great a supply of blood to the affected part, to which, if not arrested, more blood is sent than is required for the natural wear and repair, consequently an enlargement is the result; periosteum, (the membrane covering the bone) is involved, bony matter is deposited which, after the absorption of the fluid particles, becomes solid bone, which if situated on the hock joint, is what is called bone spavin. That the growth of the trouble in the early stages may be arrested by cold bathing, and that absorption may be hastened by the application of a stimulant to the skin afterwards, there is no doubt, but after perfect solidification into bone, nothing but the mallet and chisel will remove it; all the pretentions of removing an organized bone spavin in any other manner are the result of ignorance or humbuggery. One other condition while the treatment is going on is of vital necessity, viz: absolute rest. Sometimes, however, the growth is stopped and the enlargement is absorbed, yet the animal is lame when worked. Why? Because the articular cartilege is involved, absorption of that has been going on, the natural cushion is gone, the surfaces of the bones come together, causing pain and lameness, the cure of which is anchylosis, (union of the bones,) preventing friction; in fact it is like soldering them together. Such animals are useful, and may work free from lameness during life, yet, if speedy, it is not reasonable to suppose they can go quite as fast, and certainly they are more liable to be lame after violent work than those with sound hocks. Lancet was a good illustration; one day he could trot in 2:25, another get beat in 2:35. American Girl, although very fast, was not always to be depended upon; she was spavined. Another horse owned in Connecticut, was burned at Riverside Park, had been fired for spavin, trotted in 2:24 1-2. Many others belonging to the turf could be named, affected in the same manner. Among common road horses there are a large number with enchylosed hocks, the owners of which suppose them all right. Doubtless many of them received the injury when running at pasture, recovering spontaneously by a union, before removing to stable in autumn. It is fair to suppose that many cases which are heralded as having been cured by some specific, would have recovered without, as well as with. Such however is not always the result. An instance which came under our own observation, may be worth describing. A well bred mare of great endurance that could road fifteen miles an hour, six years old, with splendid feet and legs, was found cast in the stable and struggling to get up; in a few moments she succeeded; on backing out of the stable she was lame in the hocks. The next morning there was evidently heat and some swelling. Cold applications were applied, and absolute rest enjoined. After three months' rest, gentle exercise daily for a few days was ordered, when, the mare appearing sound, she was driven carefully, and went free from lameness for several weeks. After a hard day's drive she relapsed lame. The same treatment for about the same length of time, resulted in recovery as before. After about two months work she again became lame. Having given mild treatment a fair trial, more severe measures were adopted. She was fired and blistered, and after the part was healed, was turned to pasture. A colt was bred from her, and after suckling the colt four months, she was taken to the stable and put to work, and carried the owner eleven years free from lameness, and when sixteen years old was driven eleven miles three times in one week, in forty-five minutes each time by the watch. From an unknown cause one of the small bones of the forward foot became fractured; she was destroyed; the bones of the hock were preserved; the union of the cushion bones was perfect, accounting for the absence of lameness.

BELTS OF TREES.

It ought to be clearly understood that by planting belts of trees, especially evergreens, we have it in our power to modify the climate of the place so as practically to move several degrees to the south. That is undoubtedly the case, and it ought to be a strong inducement to planting such belts on the northern, and western or eastern borders, according to the greatest exposure. For these belts Scotch larches or white pines are among the most desirable probably, though other kinds may also have their place. The main point is to set out the belt of trees for protection, and now is just the time to do it. The spring is upon us and it will soon be too late. The growth of the trees will pay the interest on the land and the adjoining lands will be improved at the same time. We hope to see many attempts of this kind this present year.

FERTILIZERS FOR ROOT CROPS.

The cultivation of root crops of various kinds including the vegetables of the garden, requires ordinarily something more than the usual class of barnyard manures. Every one knows that these manures differ widely in value and quality in proportion to the quality and kind of food the animals are fed upon. The oil meals, for instance, produce a manure far richer in nitrogen than the poorer qualities of hay. We are inclined to think that the union of both kinds of manure, those from the barn-yard and the commercial fertilizers, is to be recommended the use of either kind separately. This is getting to be a pretty common practice. Many farmers indeed use both kinds on most of the common crops, like Indian corn and potatoes. The stimulating fertilizers are added to give a rapid and thrifty start, and the coarse manures spread and worked in, to afford nourishment to the roots of plants at a later season of growth.

It is a good plan to mix the two in many cases, and to scatter ground bones daily in small quantities over the fresh barn-yard manure, designed for the cultivation of grain or root crops. It adds some of the most essential articles of plant-food—phosphoric acid and nitrogen—in a very available form, to the barn-yard manure resulting from scanty feeding; and prevents also in a large degree the escape of ammonia, which is continually produced in decaying animal excretions.

It is important of course to see to it that the ground bones are pure and unadulterated, for there has been as much cheating in this simple article, as in the more pretending and higher sounding fertilizers. If we are sure that there is no foreign substance mixed in with them, we still ought to consider the fineness with which they are ground. We cannot afford to use coarse ground bones, even if they cost considerably less.

The fertilizing value of ground bones of corresponding compositions stands in a direct relation to their degree of fineness. Coarsely-ground bones should never be directly applied to the soil; they ought to be composted for a few weeks with barn-yard manures before they are incorporated into the soil.

A good bone meal penetrates more readily into the soil without suffering any serious absorption than most other phosphates, provided its organic matter is in a state of some putrefaction. A good bonemeal in a partly decomposed state has for this reason been found safer upon a calcareous or ferruginous soil than superphosphates of lime, particularly in case of the deeper rooting crops.

If we have a reasonable degree of confidence that a superphosphate is honestly made, it is perhaps better economy to buy and apply that than to take an article that has not been manipulated and prepared for use. Still it is true that so many conditions are to be observed for the growth of vegetables, that the subject demands the most careful research. Climate, soil, planting and cultivating, are the requisites for growth. We are all aware that much of our New England soil is very light and poor, with but little depth. Constant crops in former years have nearly exhausted hundreds of acres of upland. Cultivating with too limited supplies of manures has been the ruinous policy. This spoliation system has to a serious extent impaired the productiveness of our common farm lands. The practice of seeking the greatest possible production at the least possible cost, has impoverished the soil on thousands of acres of the more fertile lands of other States also. Where cultivation has been easy, past generations have taken ever from the soil, giving little in return, leaving to their successors the almost hopeless task of restoring what their ignorance or stupidity had destroyed; and many of the present generation are too faithful imitators of the practice of their ancestors. Men buy land too often for the same use as they do cattle—to wear out. Measuring the result by the money received, they consider the business profitable. Were all to adopt this system, the earth would soon become a barren waste.

We must now begin a different system of management and try to improve the land while getting fair crops from it. This can be done, and it is by far the most economical system in the long run. Let us try to leave our farms for the generations that come after us in a better condition than we received them from our fathers.

A FORETASTE OF THE COLORADO POTATO BEETLE.

We greatly fear the advance of the dreaded Colorado potato beetle this year, though it may be late in the season before he will multiply in such numbers as to make much show. Sad havoc has been made among the early crops of potatoes on Long Island by the potato bug, which made its appearance in great numbers. A Flatbush farmer has had about $2000 worth of early sprouts destroyed, while others have also suffered greatly. In ploughing up the ground bushels of these insects are found. Let us struggle against this terrible pest when it first appears. If every farmer would do his duty we could keep it at bay for some time and perhaps save the crop for a year or two at least. The approach of this curse is something like that of a devouring army and vigilance alone is the price of exemption.

Stock Department.

PROFITABLE GRADES.

One of the great causes of disappointment, says a correspondent of *Coleman's Rural*, to those farmers who attempt to improve their stock, and then are dissatisfied with their success, is because they work on the cost-nothing plan, and get the cheap kind. That is, they start their improvement by getting a grade of its kind, ignoring the fact that the pure bred animal when coupled with the grade, or cold blood, produces an offspring that cannot, with any certainty, reproduce its like in form or fattening properties. Many men will ask why it is so? It is because the pure bred has been the result of scientific breeding and feeding for a limited time, while the scrub has been an amalgamation of races from generation to generation, without an effort to improve those essentials that make them profitable to the farmer. A pure breed can be raised just as cheap as a mixed breed. Each breed has its peculiar characteristics; and the farmer must first ask what he wants in an animal, or of an animal, and then get the breed that most nearly meets his wants. Then he wants to keep it pure. By buying pure males occasionally, if he is not able to do more, he can keep the breed pure, and keep it improving, too, if he uses care in his selection of breeding animals. Then, if he has male or female animals to sell, he can get as good prices as he has had to pay. He can sell his stock for three or four times what it is worth for meat. It costs him no more to raise it, and any surplus stock he has, he can convert into meat just as well as the mixed breeds.

PREMIUMS.—The London Agricultural *Gazette*, contains an interesting table, comprising all the most important awards of prizes by the Smithfield Club since its establishment, in 1807. From 1809 to 1829, however, the shows of the club were not held, so that the number of years covered by the table is only forty-five. For fifteen years (1830 to 1844, inclusive) a gold medal was given "to the best beast in any one of the classes." It was taken twelve times by Shorthorns or Durhams, twice by Herefords, and once by a North Devon. For the thirty-one years since 1844, two prizes have been given each year—one for the best steer or ox, the other for the best cow or heifer in the show. Of these sixty-two prizes, thirty-nine have gone to Shorthorns and three to crosses of Shorthorns with Devon, Scotch and Hereford blood, respectively; twenty-one to Herefords, and one to a Hereford and Longhorn cross; fifteen to Devons, and three to Scotch Poiled. For the past seven years there has also been a champion plate for the best beast in the show, irrespective of age or sex. This has been continuously won by Shorthorns, with the single exception of 1872, when a Polled Aberdeenshire steer was successful over all competitors. Thus we see that, in an aggregate of eighty-six prizes, fifty-seven were taken by Shorthorns, against fifteen by Herefords, and fourteen by all other breeds and cross breeds—three of the latter being half of Shorthorn blood. This is even a stronger record than we supposed to exist. As the Smithfield prizes are awarded wholly on the animals as beef, it can scarcely be claimed that these awards were influenced by questions of fashion or pedigree.

The Poultry Interest.

The Narragansett Turkey.—The Rev. Mr. Cliff (Tim Bunker) writes to the *Poultry World*, that the Narragansett Turkey is one of the largest and hardiest of all the breeds of turkeys, and is raised in the greatest perfection in South-eastern Connecticut and in Rhode Island, a region famous for its fine poultry. Turkeys do remarkably well along the seaboard, and almost every farmer remote from the village has his flock, and flocks of from 100 to 200, the product of about a dozen hens, under skillful management of a woman or boy; of course they do some damage to grain, but this is counterbalanced by their destruction of insects. From June to September they subsist mainly on grasshoppers crickets and other insects, ranging for the most part in the pastures and woodlands. They are fattened in October and November, and it is not uncommon for a lot of early turks to reach the average weight of 14 lbs., dressed at Thanksgiving and Christmas. The common run of turkeys sent to the New York market do not average more than 8 or 9 lbs. The Narragansett is a very large, healthy bird, and has been bred for size for many generations. Most of them sold in the Boston and Providence markets under the name of Rhode Island turkeys, or extra No. 1, are of this breed. The farmers are careful in the selection of their breeding stock, taking young gobblers that will weigh from 22 to 28 lbs., and hens that will weigh from 12 to 16 lbs. Where kept over, gobblers will sometimes dress 32 to 34 lbs. For making poultry for market, the Narragansetts have no superior. The prevailing colors are white and black, with a large patch of white upon the wing bow, giving the general impression of a gray bird. They are not uniform in the shading, but with sufficient painstaking, could be bred to a feather.

The Apiary.

Bees on a Small Scale.—There are many householders whose means will not enable them to buy a cow, or provide keeping for her were they in possession of one. But they may be equal to the purchase of a colony of bees, and to provide hives for the swarms resulting therefrom. Bees, like other stock, require pasturage; but, unlike horses, cattle and sheep, they are free commoners, ranging at will in search of stores, nor can they be arrested and punished for their intrusion upon premises alien to their owners. A single colony of bees, in good condition in the spring, may be counted upon to double or triple their numbers in a single season, securing ample stores for winter consumption, while supplying a gratifying surplus each autumn for household use. This accumulation will prove most acceptable in families, especially while the price of butter rules so high as to place it beyond the reach of those not blessed with elongated and plethoric purses. Try a colony of bees as an experiment.—*Farmers' Union.*

Correspondence.

SPECIAL FERTILIZATION.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The latest developments in agriculture point to the use of special fertilizers, as the surest means of increasing the yield of our farm products. It seems to be the only natural method of arriving at satisfactory results, as it is based on the highest scientific principles, underlying the workings of nature, and the action of chemical forces. The system is simple and rational to the last degree. It is that of giving to plants the kind and quantity of food they can assimilate, without hardening the soil and clogging the fine rootlets with substances foreign to their make up, and requiring the money spent for the same to lie idly locked up in the ground, perhaps never to be reached by any kind of crop grown.

If we will pause to consider the first facts and principles discovered in agriculture, we shall find that they coincide exactly with the latest discovered facts and principles deduced therefrom. For instance, in England, as far back as 1750, it was found that the four course shift, viz: 1st, wheat; 2nd, turnips; 3rd, barley; 4th, grass; was productive of better results than the continuous cropping of one kind of plants. Now, what is the philosophy of the four course shift? Does it not simply show that the soil is better fitted one year out of the four for wheat, and another year out of the four for turnips, and so on through the course? The fact of the soil being in the right condition one year for wheat, proves very plainly that the special elements of fertility entering into the growth of that crop, are in greater abundance than for either of the others, and so the following year, the elements of the turnip crop are in the ascendant, therefore, turnips prove the more remunerative; so in turn each of the other crops abstract the special elements suited to their growth. If there is anything in special fertilization, does this not prove that the four course shift was our first instruction in the art of special fertilization? Consequently, we are only artificially following nature's promptings, when we apply special fertilizers, and those persons who are continually croaking at the modern discovery and application of special fertilizers, practiced to a greater or less extent, and they are wise to their own interests, they will not be long in removing the film from their eyes and reading nature correctly. It requires nerve and determination to remove prejudjice at all times, and the prejudices of the farmers against every and all kinds of artificial fertilizers, only prove the workings of human nature, which constantly reveal misunderstandings that must be set aright by reason and common sense. It is time that the wasteful practice of laying large stores of fertility in the soil, to be drawn on some time in the far future, was done away with. The farmer's means are usually small enough, without being obliged to place one-third to one-half of the value of his fertilizers, where no immediate return can be realized. When animal fertilizers are chiefly relied upon, this cannot be avoided. But thanks to the discoveries of science, farming is not to be limited to the capacity in the dung heap. The elements of growth exist in the form of salts and various compounds in such quantities, that they can be applied with profit to the cultivation of all kinds of farm products, and the application of these salts in the form of special fertilizers, is the only correct method of utilizing the forces of nature at our command.

It is not to be wondered at, that the farmers are prejudiced against fertilizers, if we take into account the many sham articles that have been palmed off for the genuine, alongside of those that were truly reliable, during the past ten years. Many can bear witness that the times have been such, that it required a strong infusion of faith, to go into the market and buy what was advertised and branded as the genuine article, and rest satisfied that you were to get back the full worth, say nothing of a reasonable per cent profit on the money invested. But the safeguards of justice now protect the farmer from the greed of the swindler, and at the same time allow the honest manufacturer to build up a trustworthy reputation.

Among the different methods of using fertilizers, probably, none commends itself to the notice of practical men, more than the late system put in practice at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, by Professors Stockbridge and Goessmann. They have been quietly at work the past few years on the State and neighboring farms in the Connecticut Valley, testing step by step, the application of special fertilizers to the principal farm crops, viz: wheat, rye, corn, oats, potatoes, grass and tobacco. The results obtained, have exceeded their expectations in nearly every case, or, in the words of Prof. Stockbridge, "that in no single case has there been a failure of anticipated results which could not be traced with perfect certainty to other causes than the food applied."

To attest the practical value of their experiments and gratifying results obtained, the interest and inquiries of farmers throughout this and neighboring States, bear witness to the light that is being shed on this, the most difficult problem in farming. And, it is not too much to say, that the degree of confidence already manifested in this system, has taken a foothold never before equalled by any other method, and is indicative of results far exceeding anything that has hitherto contributed to the furtherance of agriculture.

W. D. C.

WITCH GRASS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have read with interest the discussion in the *Ploughman*, regarding two crops in one year. I have a piece of ground covered with Witch grass. Last year I sowed Hungarian grass the middle of June, but the Witch grass obtained such a start before that time, that I had but very little success, if any, in eradicating it from the soil.

I thought repeating the same this year until I saw in the *Ploughman* of April 22nd an article from Bolton, signed F. he suggests the first crop as Spring wheat. Now I would like to ask what is the tendency of this crop to get rid of Witch grass, and also if it could be sown very soon, and after this is taken off, to put on Hungarian?

Would it be best to apply any manure until seeding down finally to grass?

As it is about time to sow, please to answer these questions in your next issue or otherwise, and oblige,

A CONSTANT READER. B.

Westboro, Mass, April 24th, 1876.

THE MILK PRODUCERS AND MILK CONTRACTORS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

My object in writing to you is to show how we milk producers are constantly kept in the claws of milk contractors, and to request you, by publishing this in the *Ploughman*, to induce those farmers engaged as milk producers, to form themselves into a milk that will leave at least, a fair profit for the farmers.

The large number of your subscribers in New Hampshire, of whom very many belong to the same unjustly treated class, know very well how ingeniously our contractors make us dance after their fiddle. They appoint meetings for the producers of each town, where cards are distributed among them, containing the price for milk that the contractors are pleased to pay for it the following six months. (Now, in spite of the fact that the price has been decreased by them from year to year, the consumer always pays the same.) Besides, netting us such a low price as 2 1-2 cents per quart, milk is very often returned to us in a sour state, for which we are to bear the expense of freight both ways. After making deductions for this and the milk, which is kept by the contractor for cheese making, which nets us only 1 3-4 cents a quart, it is easily seen by any one, that the farmer only receives the enormous low price of about two cents a quart. Then is it possible that farmers should stand this any longer? Why don't we appoint meetings of our own instead of being compelled to attend those appointed by the contractors? As long as we have to transact business through middle agents, we are, of course, willing to leave them a fair profit, but that these men should carry off all the profit of the labor performed by the farmers, the latter should prevent, by consolidating their forces, communicating with each other, as soon as possible hold meetings in every town, in order to give evidence that not the contractor but the producer should rightly prescribe the price of the result of his labor.

New Hampshire. MILK PRODUCER.

The Farm.

What One Farmer has Done.—A correspondent of the *Mirror and Farmer* writes of Hon. Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, N. H.:

A few years since the high portion of his farm cut about half a ton of hay per acre, and the lower ground was covered with marsh hay which they frequently carried off on hay poles. Now, on his sixty acres of mowing land, he will cut, I judge, over one hundred tons of the best of English hay. Tiles, muscles, manure and brains have wrought the change. His grass is worth, I judge, over $25 per acre as it stands. He sells much hay, and yet makes so much manure that he hardly knows what to do with it. A new barn has a ventilated cellar and a smooth, four-inch concrete floor. What a shame and untold loss to the State for our farming population to diminish yearly and the young men to leave the farms. Put a good paper in every farmer's family; let farming be studied the same as any other pursuit. Let the farmers have no unjust burdens; let there be a rival in farming for the sake, not only of the agriculturist's interest, but for the good of all other useful industries, and last, but not least, as the birth-place of those men and women who are alone reared upon the farms.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE COLORADO BEETLE.—Inasmuch as Eastern farmers are likely to suffer from the ravages of the Colorado potato bug this season, I would like to give them some advice. My fields have been troubled with these pests for the past six years, and the best and most expeditious remedy I have ever found was to catch the old ones when they make their appearance on the vines. This will be as soon as the tops of the potato vines are out of the ground. Last season I caught fifty-four from a patch two rods square, some of the hills not being up yet. The bugs are in the earth, and come to the surface as soon as the Spring opens. One of these bugs, I should think, will lay from 500 to 1,000 eggs, and the young from that deposit will destroy a large patch of potatoes. In looking for bugs, keep your eye out also for the eggs on the under side of the leaves. By a little attention to the catching of the old bugs at the start, a man can save a vast amount of trouble, for as soon as the bugs hatch they are hard to get rid of.—EXPERIENCE, *in N. Y. Tribune.*

THE HOLBROOK SWIVEL PLOUGH.

We give this week an illustration of the celebrated Holbrook Swivel Plough, made and sold by EVERETT & SMALL of Boston. The engraving shows this plough as it now appears after various modifications and improvements since it was first introduced. The need for a swivel plough seems at least to have been fully met, and farmers who wish to have their fields level can do so with the certainty of making as good work in ploughing as by the old-fashioned styles. From the beginning of the manufacture of swivel ploughs, very many farmers gave them the preference despite all imperfections. Some indeed had to do so, because their fields were too hilly for ordinary ploughs to work well, and the success of the Holbrook Swivel Plough has induced other farmers to demand them for use on level lands. The same cause has also stimulated the manufacturers to new efforts and to make greater improvements. Many farmers, having purchased a swivel plough for one or two fields, find it to their advantage to use it on their entire farms and will now use no other. In one ploughing match, held by a New England Club last fall, other styles of ploughs were not admitted to enter the lists as competitors.

The Holbrook Swivel Plough was awarded the first premium at the National Swivel Plough Trial held by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society in Utica in 1870. It also won a silver medal and silver cup in the great ploughing match of the Maine State Fair last fall, where it accomplished the remarkable feat of ploughing on sloping land, throwing all the furrows up hill and laying them as handsomely as could have been done on a level surface.

Those of our readers who wish a good swivel plough are confidently recommended to correspond with the manufacturers of the Holbrook, Messrs. EVERETT & SMALL of Boston, Mass., whose advertisement may be found in another part of this paper.

A MINIATURE HOT BED

I have introduced a practice, which I have made use of for several years, which I think pays well on the outlay. I shall call it a miniature hot bed. It pays in two ways: It keeps the plants warm, and for vines it keeps off the striped bugs. The expense is about one cent per bed or hill. It is made in this way:

Plant as usual, only do not cover quite as deep; keep a good watch where you put your seeds—not farther apart than five or six inches in a hill; put the mould or pat tern over the seeds, and press it firmly down, keeping it in its place; then fill around and above the mould with earth, and spat it down with a hoe, and if any remains above the top of the mould, scrape it off. Pull out the mould and you have your hot bed, if you place an 8x10 pane of glass over it.

The mould is nothing more than a piece of two inch plank, about 6 1-2 by 8 inches, beveled some three-fourths of an inch smaller towards the bottom. It has a handle in the middle, size of a broom, about two feet long. In this bed, two inches deep, plant and in four days from set worms. Unless the weather is very dry, they will not need watering, being so much below the surface.

I think the sweet potato would do well in these pits. Cover first with paper or cloth until they begin to grow, then with glass. The pits can be made on top of moulds as well as anywhere.—E. W. DANIELS, *in Western Farmer.*

A New Source of Manure.—Four years ago I had a wall laid along the border of my garden. I had the trench for the foundation dug very deep, well down in the hard-pan, and had the hard-pan thrown into a pile separate from the loam. The loam was used in the compost heap, and the hard pan—a half sandy, half gravelly mass, with just enough of coarse soil in it to be seen—was left to be used to fill up some path.

In the course of the summer I noticed a plant growing on it with surprising vigor, which, on examination, proved to be the common mustard, but with leaves nearly as broad and large as a cabbage—the size I never have seen surpassed in the richest soil. Beside it, and also on the hard-pan, was growing a plant of Apple of Peru, with a vigor that belonged to the richest soil. The following spring I spread the lot on the flower garden, and had a wonderful growth of flowers as the result.

A year later, one of my neighbors in another part of the town dug a ditch that drained his land through mine, to the depth of over six feet, cutting for about the last three feet through hard-pan, and throwing this on my side of the wall, where it made a heap about three feet in depth, of apparently nearly pure gravel, a little mixed with sand. The next summer, while passing that way, I stepped aside to examine the ditch, when, to my surprise, I found growing on the heap of hard-pan, hogweed that was nearly as high as my head. The only inference I can draw from these facts is, that under some circumstances hard-pan is an excellent manure.

In each of these instances the surface soil was a strong loam that had been under good cultivation for many years. May it not be that some of the salts of the manure applied during this period passed through the loam to the hard-pan below, and there remained, held as in a bowl? Lime, it is stated, has this tendency; making it necessary to plough deeper each year to bring it to the surface. By whatever theory they may be explained, the facts seem to prove that in this broad country of ours there must be a multitude of acres underlain by vast areas of fertilising material. Should further experiments demonstrate this to be a fact, it must prove of immense practical value to our tilled acres, of which the best fel have a habit of calling for a little more.

Acclimation of Domestic Animals.—Horses, cattle, sheep, dogs and other domesticated animals, are no more exempt from the effects of a change of climate than is man himself. Hence in importing animals from abroad, or in exporting them to the South, it should be done in the Autumn, after the malaria has been killed by one or two sharp frosts. In 1835 the writer moved with his servants from Maryland to Churchill, in Mississippi, taking care to arrive there in the Autumn after frost. He had with him some valuable cattle purchased from the then famous Shorthorn herd of Mr. Betshoover, of the Fountain Inn, Baltimore, intended for the Coles' Creek plantation, belonging to the late James C. Wilkins and Thomas Hall. The importation was looked upon by the old fogy planters of the neighborhood as a foolish venture, and the speedy death of all the animals predicted. But, acting on the advice of the late Wade Thompson, father of the present gallant general of that name, the bull and the three cows were carefully protected as well from the heavy dews as from the mid-day sun; the result was that they all became acclimated without difficulty, and in a few years the large herd of native cattle kept upon that immense estate was doubled or even trebled in value. In the five years that the writer lived in

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1876

☞ The coming Fourth of July, judging from the appropriations which are being voted for it by the different municipalities, far and near, promises to be worthy of the hundredth birthday of our freedom. The enthusiasm is rising visibly everywhere, and by the time the glorious old day comes round it will be at flood tide. It is the day of days, this year.

☞ The rifle amateurs in the different States are awake on the subject of forming an American "team," with which to confront the expected European competitors in this Centennial year. Against the Americans will be pitted rifle shooters from Canada, England, Ireland and Scotland, and possibly from the Continent. Long range shooting is regarded as the most difficult, because in addition to sharp sight it is necessary to calculate the effect of the wind, which is often a most delicate matter. The best men in Massachusetts and the other New England States are getting ready to make applications for admission to the American team.

☞ The Park Commissioners have rendered their report. They discuss the questions of the location and cost of a Public Park for Boston, and finally recommend a chain of parks, extending from Charles River Boston, around to Dorchester Bay, at Savin Hill. The central park is to be located in West Roxbury, and will include the Bussey property. The Chestnut Hill Reservoir is also to be made a feature of the roposed park system. A single park is recommended at the first, to be followed by the development of the other Territory as the growth of the city shall require. It is advised that all the needed territory be purchased or bonded immediately. The plan is a magnificent one, and if adopted by the people will certainly be worthy of Boston and add to its reputation.

☞ The strike of the workmen on a distant section of the Newton Water Works, at Framingham, was owing to the reduction of wages from $1,50 to $1,25 per day. The contractors could obtain Italian laborers for 80 cents a day, and board, which costs $20 per month. The workmen on section No. 13 originated the movement, and pressed on along the line, capturing the workmen of one section after another and compelling them to swell the insurgent ranks. When the affair was at its worst, some eight hundred men were in riotous revolt, threatening all who should dare to go to work at less than the old rates. A strong police force arranged plans for putting them down, and Gov. Rice ordered the State Police to the scene in Newton. For a time things looked serious, but the firm attitude of the authorities subdued and scattered the spirit of mob rebellion in a little while.

☞ The family relations of the leading rulers of Europe are exceedingly peculiar, considering that there is such general apprehension of an outbreak at a not distant day. Queen Victoria's daughter is the wife of the eldest son of the Emperor William of Germany, and her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is the husband of the Czar of Russia's daughter, Alexandrina. Although the Queen of England is thus closely connected with the rulers of Germany and Russia, there is nothing like good terms between her and them. During her recent visit to Germany, the Czar, who was at Ems, declined to go and see her Majesty, and the Emperor William likewise made a trivial excuse for not paying her his respects while she was in his dominions. There is more in all this than can come to the surface now, and it bodes no good for the future peaceful relations of Europe.

SILVER CHANGE

Everybody is pleased with the idea of handling silver again, and of getting rid of this dirty and inconvenient fractional currency. Silver coin began to be paid out on Friday of last week from the sub-treasuries of the Government, but the process was slow and but few people could get any for several days. As the present week has advanced the emission has been more free, and streams of silver are visibly beginning to find their way into the channels of retail trade. But it will take some little time yet to wholly displace paper with coin. At the first, it is perfectly natural that people not having been long accustomed to such change for years. Hence there was something like a hoarding process, which tended temporarily to raise a slight premium on fractional currency; but the steady paying out of coin soon dispelled that delusion, and made people understand that it was perfectly safe to pay out again the silver that came into their hands.

When we come to think of it, it instantly occurs to all minds that little or no gold is used in the current transactions of trade with which actual consumers are occupied. Retail trade is carried on with silver for the most part, and when a few dollars, certainly over five, are required in payments, banknotes usual ly are summoned to perform the service. So that except for being the unit or standard of value for paper, both greenbacks and national bank-notes, gold is practically of no use, for it is not employed in large mercantile transactions, which are carried on by the transfer of credit balances, by checks, drafts and various other methods. For this reason we incline strongly to believe that the appearance of silver at this time will prove the means of more speedily bringing back gold to its place as the standard for treasury and bank notes, and of equalizing their current values. There is no more forcible argument than the practical one. Fifty millions of silver circulating among the people will put an extinguisher on the hollow and pernicious theories of inflationists, and convince Congress that the people want coin only instead of more paper.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature is making ready to carry out its intention of adjournment, and has of late been engaged in hard work. The three Reports of the Committee on the management of the Boston and Albany Railroad Corporation have caused more or less interest on account of the views they embody. The Committee of Conference on the Militia Bill has reported an agreement fixing the number of infantry companies at 60, and of artillery and cavalry at three each. Both branches have accepted the report, and the bill stands in that form. The Eastern Railroad Bill came to the House from the Senate, the House refusing to concur in the amendments. A Conference Committe on that also is in order. A Convention of both Houses was held, in which Messrs. Chadwick of Boston, Wood, of New Bedford, and Talbot of Billerica, were chosen Directors of the Boston and Albany Railroad on the part of the State.

NARROW GUAGE AND FARMING.

The sure proof of successful farming is at the last the marketing of the product. It used to be said of Jefferson's son-in-law, Randolph, and we believe by Mr. Jefferson himself, that he could make the best crop of tobacco in Virginia, but when it came to marketing it he was a failure. At the West, especially the far West, the one thing demanded is to get the crops out to the market. In Kansas, for instance, last year, whole counties groaned with a heavy corn harvest, which there were no facilities for getting to the consumer. Hauling long distances, over prairie roads in the winter season, was a difficult matter and was sure to eat up all the profits. The farmers see, as they never saw it before, that nothing could be done without railroads through every county. But the broad guage lines are expensive to build, though they naturally cost less at the West than at the East. Public attention has therefore been concentrated of late upon narrow-guage railroads, the width of the rails being not over three feet.

The fever has broken out in this section of New England. Several narrow-guage roads, to radiate in various directions from this city, are already projected and will in all probability be soon begun. They will next be constructed to connect one city, or considerable town, with another; likewise as feeders for the broad guage roads all along their lines, especially for the transportation of freight to the larger markets. It is proven that the cost of constructing and operating them is much less than that of building and running horse railroads. So that by means of these little roads the remoter farming districts can be easily, because cheaply, brought into direct communication with market for their products. The carrying of milk and similar farm productions will become a simplified problem to what it is now. These narrow-guage roads can afford to run more frequent trains and at much cheaper rates than their broad guage predecessors, and it will be easier to build them all over New England, so that it will be indeed a net-work of railroads, which it is styled even now. These facilities of the future for transportation are going, however, to demand a greatly advanced system of agriculture.

CONGRESS.

The Senate has refused to concur in the reduction of expenses in the diplomatic and Consular Bill, which has already passed the House. The proposition to make silver a legal tender for all sums has been under protracted discussion. The Belknap impeachment case is in process of being brought to trial. In the House, the Executive Appropriation Bill has been discussed. Mr. Blaine made an elaborate denial of the charges which have recently been brought against him. Investigation occupies the public mind at the capital, almost to the exclusion of everything else. Ex-Attorney Generals Williams and Sherman have both been before a Committee, on the subject of diverting secret service funds from their legitimate use. Secretary Fish will not make known the contents of his last despatch to England on the Winslow extradition affair, until the same have first been made public in England.

Piper's Story.—The wretched young man who lies in Charles Street jail under sentence of death for the murder of little Mabel Young, in the belfry of a church in this city last summer, has made an explanation of the child's death, which is generally interpreted as a confession. He admits that he allowed little Mabel to go up into the tower, whose trap door he had propped up with the fatal bat which has figured so conspicuously in the case. After she had been gone a little time, it occurred to him, he says, that she might get hurt, and he went up to call her down; but he had not proceeded far before the bat came tumbling down from above, and the child was caught by her head and arm between the fallen trap door and the coping. He extricated her, still screaming, but she could not stand up. He then went down to give the alarm, but found persons rushing to learn the cause of the cries. Then he concluded to be silent, from fear. It is the first time he has broken that now fatal silence.

Total Abstinence.—The Washingtonian Home, in this city, is a thoroughly successful institution, and is yielding blessed fruits in redeeming the wretched from the power of their appetite for drink. It is at present nearly full of patients, and last year admitted 385 to its benevolent treatment. Rich and poor are alike accepted; there is no distinction. The building occupied by the Home was erected for its service at a cost of $100,000. It appears from the record that the use of tobacco by those subject from alcoholism is almost universal, and is regarded as a greater hindrance to reform than all other obstacles combined. Therefore those who use it, but would reform their drinking habits, are told that in order to begin the work they should abandon tobacco. Dr. Day, the Superintendent, says that it is not drugs, but the strengthening of the will that accomplishes reform, and hence everything which has undermined it in the past or may enfeeble it in the future is to be removed. When the will becomes supreme over the habits, the appetite need give no one any special thought.

Table Manners.—A letter written home by the English astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, from this country, in which he is still lecturing, describes a man at a breakfast table at the hotel in Des Moines, Iowa, at which Mr. Proctor was likewise sitting, who, while waiting to be served, first run his knife in the cream pitcher and licked off the proceeds, then repeated the process with the sugar bowl, and so on for several rounds. Mr. Proctor contents himself with merely describing the actions of the man, without giving expression either to his disgust or indignation. This style of proceeding at the public table is hardly set down as the one most common in this country, though there are quite enough fellows loose who would see not the slightest impropriety in such performances. Mr. Proctor in justice to us frankly admits that it was the first instance of the kind he had had the fortune to fall in with in this country. An exchange, while admitting the unendurable swinishness of such conduct, ingeniously asserts that a landlord would have no right to turn away a person who should happen to disgust and drive off other guests by being guilty of it. For all these, the way to work the landlord would be to leave him to the care of his hog as his only paying company.

Trying For too Much.—In his Friday Evening talks to his people, Rev. Mr. Murray is setting forth and emphasising some of those old-fashioned fundamental truths which badly need a revival at this period. He insists that, instead of pushing on and clutching out so eagerly, as if the universe were ours to possess it, we begin to moderate our desires, learn simple habits, pursue more humble paths, and learn the homely but lasting joys of contentment. Last week he remarked that "one mistake our people made was in expecting too much. Contentment to-day is not possible, such is the mental altitude of the nation, unless it is built as a superstructure on solid blocks of gold, stocks, bonds, place, power, fame, and public reputation. The idea of any young American's being contented with the farm of fifty acres, and the little story-and-a-half house where his father and mother lived their lives and raised their family, and passed out of the narrow gate to the gate called Beautiful, perfectly contented, perfectly at ease, never imagining that they were doing anything disgraceful, but rather praising God that they had such a sweet place to live in and raise their youngings, —that idea never seems to enter the minds of this generation." How true! But it will have to enter its minds, if the men and women of the future are to be any way worthy of those who went before them and did their duty in their allotted places.

Meeting of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association.—At a meeting of the Anglers' Association on Wednesday evening, April 26th, the Hon. Daniel Needham presented the following Resolutions, which were adopted by a rising and unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we have learned with deep regret of the death of our late associate, John F. Mills.

Resolved, That by the death of John F. Mills, this Association has been bereft of one of its earliest, most active and industrious members; one who came to it in the morning of its existence and aided materially and efficiently in its development.

Resolved, That the highest and most enduring tribute we can pay to his memory, is to emulate his example and aid with renewed energy and zeal the execution of his high purposes in connection with this institution.

Remarks were made on the resolutions by Col. Needham, Dr. Ordway and Walter Brackett, Esq.

A vacancy existing in the office of Vice-President, a ballot was called for which resulted in the unanimous election of Hon. Daniel Needham.

The Association adjourned to Thurday evening, May 11th.

☞ The Republican State Convention in this city Wednesday, elected the following delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, who are uninstructed: Hon. E. Hoar, Richard H. Dana, Jr., John M. Forbes, and Paul A. Chadbourne.

☞ The Rules for Patrons' Co-operative Associations of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, with directions for organising such Associations, as recommended by the National Grange, at its session in Louisville, Ky., last November, have been printed in a very neat and convenient form and may be had by sending five cents to O. H. Kelley, Esq., Secretary, at Louisville. Those designing the formation of these Co-operative Associations will obtain a clear conception of the principles on which they are based, and have before them tried rules for their organization and government. It is a little manual that will save a vast deal of trouble and is calculated to promote the interests of all such as look favorably upon co-operative plans. We cordially commend it to the attention of all who are engaged in the study of this very practical subject with a view to their mutual advantage as consumers.

☞ Owing to the recent break in the railroad combination, freights to and from the West are placed at all sorts of figures without reference to the tariff recently in force. The consequence is that shippers are promised the liveliest times and the lowest terms that have been known in freight for many years. It will be a good thing for the western farmers, who have waited for their day to come. It looks now as if it had come. This will put cash in their pockets, besides making the shipment of exports active beyond all expectation.

☞ There is a speck of rebellion in Dartmouth College, which originated in this way: A weekly paper, called the Dartmouth, is published by the students, under the supervision of ten editors, which we should say was a great many editors for so small a number of weeklies. Eight are selected from the senior class of the Academical Department, and two from the first class of the Scientific Department. An article appeared in the last issue of the paper, ridiculing and burlesquing the graduation exercises and the general character of the Agricultural College, whose annual commencement occurred on Wednesday of last week. President Smith got wind of the intended publication and peremptorily forbade its appearance, threatening to hold each member of the editorial board responsible. But the article was published, nevertheless, and defended on the ground that it was only the expression of an opinion of a correspondent. The College Faculty immediately suspended every one of the editors in town at the time of publication, of whom there were seven, with the qualification that they should remain suspended "as long as they maintain their present attitude towards the College." The affair is creating a great stir both in the College and the town, the President declaring it a piece of "rank insubordination."

☞ It is not certain, by any means, that there will be any distinct financial measure passed by the present Congress, but whatever may be done, be it much or little, promises to tend only in the direction of a sound currency. That is a good deal to encourage us. The division of public opinion on the subject of the currency proves to be more sectional than political, but there are sure symptoms that honest and sound views are gaining ground steadily.

ment is not likely to be carried at this session. It has at length been passed by the House, but the Indian Committee of the Senate are opposed to it. The great point in favor of the project is that frauds will be stopped and thus the standing cause of Indian wars averted. The appropriations voted the tribes have been largely stolen from by agents and traders, and the cheated Indians revolt.

CENTENNIAL NOTES

☞ The Executive Committee of the Centennial Commission were in session, last week, to consider applications of foreigners. There are 300 one-half foreigners. For the first time in the history of world's fairs, a salary will be attached to this office, which will be $10,000.

☞ The arrival of one or two hundred cars of goods daily for a week at Fairmount parks puts the American part of the exhibition forward rapidly. It is apparent that in its extent this Exhibition is to be far the largest of all international exhibitions. It will show more industries, and show them more completely. Although the large buildings are greater than have ever been erected, it is found that the country will another crowded out into a special building, for instance, where 60 exhibitors of this country will compete with the 60 makers of Europe, space has been extended to take in the exhibitors of stoves, ranges and house furnaces, in which America expects to carry off the honors, while in addition to the agricultural building will be shown farm vehicles of all kinds. To cite another curious instance of thorough display, the beer brewers will rival the leather trade in their line by building, showing all the processes and materials of beer-making, the contrast between old appliances and new and the best results of their skill.

☞ Shoe and Leather Exhibitors.—In the shoe and leather building there will be about six hundred classes, each of which has exhibitors as follows: Boots and shoes in almost endless variety, 31 entries; sole leather, 29; upper leather, 115 entries; morocco and sheep, black and fancy of almost all descriptions, 31 entries; harness, kip, calf, morocco, grained, polished, patent, enameled and pebbled leather, 35 entries; hair nets, saddles and whips, 40; saddlery hardware, 23; trunks, valises, pocket books, 21; rubber goods in all kinds, 30; lasts, blacking, leather dressing, oil, extracts and sumac, 21; leather and shoe machinery, of every conceivable fashion, 87 entries. England, Russia and Germany have entered as competitors; have large space allotted them and are placing their exhibits. The other European countries do not seem to have done much to make this department interesting. The decorations of the interior of the edifice are to cost $4500, and work upon them will begin this week. Mr. Pinanner, the superintendent of this important building, has provided in the fullest manner for the comfort of the representatives of the trade. He has had reading rooms, toilet rooms, offices and an exchange fitted up in the coziest manner, and no one who has any claim to the hospitalities of that building can pretend to be unconfortable.

☞ Ancient Newspapers.—At the approaching Centennial Newspaper Exhibition at Philadelphia is has been decided to display copies of antique journals and other curiosities of newspaper literature. To this interesting collection all persons having ancient, quaint, or curious specimens are invited to contribute; and should the response be as hearty and general as we hope to find it, this gathering of the times and publications will prove to be not only a leading trait of the Newspaper Department, but also one of the salient attractions of the Exhibition as a whole. All having the ability and the will to aid on the project should transmit their consignments without delay to the Philadelphia office of the Newspaper Exhibition, Ledger Building, 110 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. Whilst on view, these exhibits will have attached to them labels designating by whom they are contributed, and all contributors will be duly credited to serve them from damage. After the close of the Exhibition they will be again at the service of their owners, or, in the absence of different instructions, will be transferred to some historical society or museum.

During the late war there were many newspapers issued which illustrated the state in which their publishers found themselves. Pink, blue, and yellow sheets, wrapping paper, and many other substitutes were pressed into the service. Specimens of these now possess a curious interest.

The advantages to the public of such a gathering are manifest to such a degree which renders elucidation unnecessary, and the opportunity to do a very useful act is placed within easy reach. A single copy of some senile broad sheet may not be of much worth to its proprietor, yet in conjunction with others it will make up a worthy collection. Many people there are who, having preserved such curiosities for years, can turn them to little or no practical account, and it is not too much to hope that the response given by such will be ready and general. Without love to themselves, they can materially benefit visitors to the Great Centennial Exhibition, and appreciably advance a patriotic movement.

The Centennial in England.—At the last meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, we observe that the Journal Committee was granted power to expend a sum not exceeding £100 in obtaining a report of the agricultural features of the Centennial at Philadelphia. The same committee are to nominate an English member of Judges on agricultural machines, implements, and processes of manufacture.

The Maine State Agricultural Society has chosen Rufus Prince president. The premium list will not exceed $6,000.

READ AND RUN.

— The mingling of shining silver coin with the fractional currency has begun to show this week, but the operation will be more rapid as soon as the banks take a hand in the distribution of coin.

— The gardens and grounds in the suburbs are beginning to call for the attention of those who own them, and the setting of the city will in a few weeks be worthy of the picture it holds.

— The Panama Railroad Co. is making a desperate warfare on the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., and fairly driving it to the wall.

— Congress is urged by every consideration of justice and fair dealing between the States to pass the anti-compulsory pilotage bill which is before it at this time, and of which Hon. Henry L. Pierce, Representative from Massachusetts, has the charge.

— A rush of emigrants to the newly opened silver mining district of southwestern Colorado is expected this summer.

— Affairs in Eastern Europe look extremely cloudy, and forebodings are entertained for the general peace of Europe. But Count Andrassy, of Austria, thinks peace is good for at least one year more.

— Pleasant gossip has it that the new bonnets are put on sideways. Many had supposed already that they were worn upside down.

— Silver coin has come out a good deal more slowly than was expected, and those who succeeded in getting a little have generally kept it to jingle in their pockets.

— An entire family was tomahawked and scalped, last week, in the Black Hills country.

— The belief is gaining ground that the Duchess of Edinburgh has left her husband, the son of Queen Victoria, for good, and gone home to her father, the Czar, to stay. She was his idolatry.

— Marquez, the Mexican rebel, has at last been captured, and the revolutionists have pretty much gone up.

— The St. Lawrence river is breaking up for the season. Gun cotton has been used to start the ice.

— Five and three quarters millions of United States 5 per cent. bonds were sold on Monday last in New York, at nearly four per cent premium. It is regarded as a very encouraging transaction.

— A big wheat firm of speculators in Chicago has been brought down by the present collapse.

— A New Bedford lad picked up a fat pocket book the other day, and received the polite thanks of the lady to whom he returned it.

— The city of Newton has contracted with the Globe Gaslight Co., of this city, to light the gasoline lamps from May 1st.

— May flowers come up to town by the mail bag full every day, from Plymouth and that neighborhood.

— According to the experience so far at the Boston Sub-Treasury, counterfeit fractional currency averages two pieces in every twenty-five dollars.

— Not a single share of the Boston and Providence railroad stock has been sold on the market for the last eight weeks.

— The contest among lawyers over Charles O'Conner's fee from Mrs. Forrest is growing exciting. The assertion is that he was publicly banqueted by the bar for giving his legal services to Mrs. Forrest gratuitously.

— Perhaps with the return of hard sense in respect to other matters, the custom of naming girls Sadie, Lutie, Mamie, Jennie, Annie, Lettie, and so forth, will be abandoned for one of an intended publication and peremptorily forbade its appearance, threatening to hold each member of the editorial board responsible. But the article was published, nevertheless, and defended on the ground that it was only the expression of an opinion of a correspondent. The College Faculty immediately suspended every one of the editors in town at the time of publication, of whom there were seven, with the qualification that they should remain suspended "as long as they maintain their present attitude towards the College." The affair is creating a great stir both in the College and the town, the President declaring it a piece of "rank insubordination."

☞ It is not certain, by any means, that there will be any distinct financial measure passed by the present Congress, but whatever may be done, be it much or little, promises to tend only in the direction of a sound currency. That is a good deal to encourage us. The division of public opinion on the subject of the currency proves to be more sectional than political, but there are sure symptoms that honest and sound views are gaining ground steadily.

Editor's Table.

☞ The *Galaxy* has a fresh offering of intellectual pleasures for May, among which are Players and Play Goers Twenty-five Years Ago; the Widow; A Plea for a Patriot; Madcap Violet; Conception; War Memoirs, by Gen. Custer; Aztec Mythology; Remembrance, by John G. Saxe; Barbara's Outing; The Fearful Little Maid; Beach Combers, and what to do with them; The Pursuit of the Dollar; A Good Haul; Phenomena of Sleep; Seeking a Lost Art, by Richard Grant White; His Father's Son; and the usual Editorial sparkling number. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Harper's* brings a fresh and welcome intellectual burden to all May readers, redolent of Spring from its first page to its last. In all it gives over eighty striking illustrations. The Wheeler Expedition in Southern Colorado opens the number, having fifteen illustrations, and it is as exciting as a romance. Mr. Lossing, in The Romance of the Hudson, tells the story of Major Andre's capture and execution. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, in a second paper, describes Old Philadelphia in a most interesting Centennial manner. There are papers full of suggestion on domestic architecture and household furniture and art. Cardinal Mephisto is the covering of a painting of Cæsar Borgia. George Eliot advances vigorously with Daniel Deronda, and Garth is continued in the same spirit. There are brief stories by Edward Everett Hale, Harriet Prescott Spofford and others, and the poetry is of a high class. The editorial department is unsurpassed. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Peterson's Magazine* bates not a jot or tittle of that tact and industry which have given it so wide and just a repute, but shows in its May issue renewed proofs of the same care which has marked its whole career. The fashions for the month are full and fresh, and the list of housekeeping receipts and suggestions is in a sense invaluable. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Wide Awake for May contains such a kaleidoscopic variety of contents for the young folks, in text and illustration, that we hardly know where to begin a notice of it. It is all redolent of May, and has a breezy, out-of-doors, birdy, dandelionish air about it that cannot be withstood. The illustrations are profuse and all are striking, some of them decidedly stirring. Story and verse are produced by their authors as if they really loved the work they had undertaken to do. All the boys and girls will call for *Wide Awake* for May. D. Lotirop & Co., Publishers.

The Science of Health for May opens a list of contents such as Diptheria, Intuition, the Case of Charles O'Conner, Nails and Hair, How to Purify the Blood, From the Cradle to the Grave, and the usual editorial miscellany. An excellent number.

☞ *An Egg Farm*; the Management of Poultry in Large Numbers, is the title of a highly attractive little manual on the raising of eggs for profit, by L. H. Stoddard, the editor of the *Poultry World*. The articles are very clear and direct, and convey the meaning of the author at once. He maps out the whole mystery of egg production for profit. The little book is well illustrated, and is published in paper covers in good style by the Orange Judd Co., New York.

☞ *Ishmael*, or In the Depths, is a new story of great power from the pen of Mrs. Southworth. It was originally published in the columns of the New York *Ledger*, and is now put in book form, as it is said, in response to the repeated demands of her constant readers, who are counted in great numbers. Published by Peterson and Brothers, and for sale by the New England News Company.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* is fairly odorous of the associations of May. Its fashion plates are of the most brilliant type, as they are always of the freshest composition, while its mixed reading matter, verse and prose, tale and essay, is of a character to attract and instruct the lady patrons of this veteran favorite of the boudoir. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The Catalogue of Herd Register Jersey Cattle and Southdown Sheep, the property of Col. J. S. Jenkins of Baltimore, contains the list of fine animals which were sold at auction on the 20th inst. at good prices. The bull Jeweller sold for $110; Glenden, one year old in July, for $92; the cow Minnie, two years old, for $105; Imported Bisma, seven years old, for $305; Imported Bisma 2nd, five years old, for $205; Fauvette, two years old, for $190; Niobe, two years old in July, for $300; and other cows at similar rates. There was likewise a successful sale of Southdown sheep, of which Col. Jenkins is a breeder.

Insurance Expirations is a neat and new invention, in the form of a book easily carried in the pocket, to remind one of the date of the expirations of insurance for the different months of the year. It is a "happy thought," and must prove very popular for use.

Glad Tidings is to be the title of a collection of sermons and prayer meeting talks, by Mr. Moody, the revivalist, at the Hippodrome. These sermons and talks are from verbatim stenographic reports, taken for the New York *Tribune*, and have been carefully revised and corrected, and are furnished with a full index. A specimen copy of a discourse on "Noah and the Deluge" is the preliminary to the volume, and in typography is excellent. The volume will be sold at $1.00, and is to be ready in May. E. B. Treat, 805 Broadway, N. Y., is the publisher.

☞ *The Atlantic* opens with an article on The Thedive and his Court, by Charles Hale, and continues its list with articles bearing the following titles: For the Last Time; The Old Poet and his Wife, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; The Madness of George III; A Visit to a Certain Old Gentleman, by T. B. Aldrich; Medical Fools; Doom; Private Theatricals, by W. D. Howells; The Antietam Statue, by Rose Terry Cooke; After the battle of the Wilderness, Letters from a Hospital; Four O'clocks; Old Woman's Gossip, by Mrs. Kemble; Melusa; Literary Aspects of the Romantic School; and Recent Literature, with current notes on Art, Music and Education. This number of the Atlantic unites strength and grace in about equal proportions. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ The *Popular Science Monthly* has for its table, this month, Society an Organism, by Herbert Spencer; Hammers and Percussion, illustrated; Prepossessions For and Against the Supernatural, by President McCosh; Lectures in Electricity, by Prof. Tyndall; Recent Geographical Progress, by Judge Daly; The Mollusks of the Rocky Mountains; Character and Work of Liebig; Caroline Lucretia Herschel; Awards at the International Exhibition; Recent Advances in Telegraphy; Conscience in Animals; Air-Germs and Spontaneous Generation; Sketch of Mr. Austin Flint, Jr., with portrait; and literary notices and miscellany. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Scribner* contains a variety that is almost bewildering, which may be scheduled thus: Portraitures of William Penn; The True Pocahontas; How shall we Spell Sh-k-sp-r-'s Name?; Singing Robes; Philip Nolan's Friends; The Visionary Face; Gabriel Conroy, Part VII; Bowdoin College; The De Foe Family in Americ; Hoaring with the Eyes; John Gutenberg; The Wedding at Ogden Farm; Louise; Revolutionary Letters, No. V; Some Experiments in Co-Oderation; Le Conreur des Bois; The Two Greetings; My Birthright; and the numerous departments of the editorial work. The number is profusely illustrated, and is crowded with entertainment and instruction. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *St. Nicholas* makes us doubt whether the illustrations or the text are the better, both being so good. The various head-dresses of the Present Day forms the striking frontispiece, while the silhouetts in The Cat and Countess are inimitable. The young folks will be hungry for the Postman's Boy, The Dotterals' Luck, Windsor Castle, The King of the Hobbledygoblins, The Boy Emigrants, Robin and Crocus, May Day in Doors, and a good many other nice things that we cannot enumerate now. *St. Nicholas* never was better, even at Christmas. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Lippincott* opens with a fifth paper on The Century, its Fruits and Festival, which deepens in special as well as general interest, and is highly appropriate to the approaching Exhibition. The first of two papers, illustrated, on Constantinople, is by a lady who writes from personal observation, with vivacity and relish. Prof. Hart contributes an article on Berlin and Vienna that is full of genuine instruction, and will richly pay perusal. An Old House and its Story gives several interesting facts, not hitherto published, respecting Benedict Arnold and his wife. An article on the late George Ticknor, with poems by favorite authors, and a store of riches in the Monthly gossip make the May number of Lippincott, one of the most enjoyable of its whole list of issues. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The *Quincy Mutual Fire* Insurance Company makes its twenty-fifth annual statement, dated April 1st, which the figures prove to be an exceedingly favorable one. This company is in a sound and prosperous condition. Its present risks amount to $29,153,147,00, while its cash fund is $303,680,74. Its cash assets are safely and most judiciously invested. Chas. A. Howland, of Quincy, is secretary.

☞ The steamer St. Laurent, of the French Transatlantic line from Havre, arrived at Philadelphia April 24. Among the passengers are several members of the French Commission. She also brings 1,332 cases of goods for the Centennial Exposition.

☞ Catarrh is a common disease,—so common that snuffing, spitting, and blowing of the nose, meet us at every turn on the street. Your foot slips in these nasty deposits, and spoils the walk and in the public conveyance; and its disagreeable odor, contaminating the breath of the afflicted, renders them offensive to their associates. There is the highest medical authority for stating that with fully one half, if not two thirds, of those afflicted with Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh is the primary disease. Start in the nose or head, the next step being to the throat and bronchial tubes—lastly to the lungs. How important then to give early and prompt attention to a Catarrh! To cure this loathsome disease correct the system by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It not only thoroughly cleanses the blood, and heals the diseased glands by a specific influence upon them; and to assist, the Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This is the only way to reach the upper and back cavities where the discharge comes from. No danger from this treatment, and it is pleasant to use. The two medicines with instructions are sold by dealers in medicines.

☞ Public Speakers and singers will find "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any exertion of the vocal organs. For Coughs and Colds the *Troches* are effectual.

Dr. Rhodes' new Private Retreat for the cure of insanity at No. 110 Kendall Street, this city, will be opened on Monday, May 1st. The Institute contains 40 rooms, is pleasantly situated and under the superintendent of Dr. Rhodes, will undoubtedly meet with success.

☞ Vegetine has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

A Case of Twenty Years' Standing.—[From Mrs. Joseph Baker, of Johnson, Vt.] "I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wonderful efficacy of your Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. For twenty years I was sorely afflicted with phthisic, and previously to using the Balsam was pronounced by th physicians incurable. Two or three bottles afforded me a good deal of relief, and at last entirely completely restored me; and for two years past I have not had the least return of that painful complaint."

50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Farmers, Buy the Best.—Bradley's Superphosphate of Lime has become the Standard Fertilizer in the markets of the United States, having a wider reputation from Maine to Louisiana, than any other concentrated manure. Since its first introduction it has grown rapidly in favor with the agricultural community, and where once introduced, has never failed to hold the first position among Fertilisers, combining, as it does, the quick action of Peruvian Guano and the lasting properties of bone. Manufactured by Bradley Fertilizing Co., 24 Broad St., Boston.

From the Belfast Progressive Age.

How many persons are constantly suffering in some form, from the maladies that result from the errors of youth, and who would give all they possess to be restored to a condition of sound and vigorous health. Let all such consult the advertisement of the *Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass.*, which publishes the new medical work entitled the "*Science of Life or Self Preservation.*" Those who are afflicted by the consequences of youthful excess, will be guided by this admirable book to paths of pleasantness and physical vigor. It can be obtained of W. H. Parker, M. D., No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., or sent to any address postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00. The author and consulting physicians can be consulted daily on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. Office hours 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

☞ The Home Savings Bank now has a strong board of managers, and a large surplus has been tried and not found wanting. Those who drew out their money were the loosers and those that left their money in the bank, are the gainers. This bank starts from the extra dividend in three years under the new law, with a surplus of seventy-four thousand dollars, the reserve that the law requires is now made; but few banks can say as much.

☞ Real Estate Owners will be largely interested in a neat memorandum book issued by C. F. Sise, 24 Congress Street, intended to obviate the great trouble and frequent loss entailed by the neglect to renew insurance policies promptly on expiration. The book is admirably arranged, and will serve the purpose for years to most owners.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Important Information!

The American Jersey Cattle Club's Prizes for the Centennial Exposition.—At the Annual Meeting of the American Jersey Cattle Club, $1,000 was appropriated for prizes for Jersey Cattle to be exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in September. Best cow, $250; second best, $100; best bull, $250; second best, $100; best herd, $100.

The successful exhibitors will have the option of receiving their prizes in money or in plate. The judges are to be members of the Club or of the Royal Agricultural Society of Jersey. Animals competing for these prizes are to be judged according to the Club's scale of Points. Application for forms for entry should be made at once to Burnet Landreth, chief of Bureau of Agriculture, Centennial Commission, Philadelphia.

Live Stock at the Centennial.—We have had some inquiry as regards the Prizes to be awarded on live stock at the Centennial, and for the sake of answering them in detail give place below to a letter on the subject which may be regarded as authoritative:

As some misconception of the circular issued by the Bureau of Agriculture has arisen in regard to the prizes to be awarded at the Centennial for the Live Stock exhibited, let me try to explain it.

Awards of first, second and third prizes will be made to the best of every *recognized breed* of domestic animals, in each of the *distinct classes* (except sweepstakes) under which they compete. As there are 95 classes, and 3 prizes to each class, it is easy to see that when multiplied by the great number of breeds, the prizes will run up into the thousands.

Let us take cattle first, and explain the word "class" as used above, and exemplify the system.

Awards will be made for the best herd of each breed; this constitutes, therefore, one class of prizes Now as there will be on exhibition herds of Shorthorns, Holsteins, Herefords, Ayrshirs, Devons, Guernseys, Brittanys, Kerrys and Jerseys, and as each herd *competes only* with other herds of its own breed, there will be 9 first, 9 second and 9 third prizes, or 27 prizes in all, in this, the class of herds alone.

Again, there are three classes of bulls, viz., 1 year old and under 2, 2 years old and under 3, 3 years old and over. Each class will, or at least may have nine different breeds, and each breed a first, second and third prize; therefore there will be [3 (classes) multiplied by 9, (breeds) multiplied by 3 (prizes) equal to] 81 prizes for superiority in bulls. For competing cows, there are four classes, ranging from 4-year-olds down to yearling heifers; on the same basis there will be 108 prizes for cows.

Of fat and draught cattle there are five classes, and necessarily 135 prizes for them alone.

For horses there are 26 classes, viz., breeding horses, 16 classes; speed horses, 4 classes; as walkers, 1 class; as matched teams, 6 classes. Multiplying the classes by 3 (prizes—first, second and third) gives 78; multiplying this by the number of *recognized* breeds that will be on exhibition, will give the number of prizes to be distributed in this section.

Pure-bred jackasses over 6 years form one class; jacks under six and over 3 years, another class; she asses over 6, one class; she asses under 6 and over 3 years, another class—giving four classes for asses.

Sheep in pens, one class; as rams, two classes; rams as sweepstakes, three classes; as ewes, two classes; ewes as sweepstakes, three classes; fat animals, two classes. The same classification applies to goat.

Swine in pens, two classes; as boars, three classes; as sows, three classes; as sweepstakes, two classes; fat animals, two classes.

Dogs, mule, three classes; mules as sweepstakes, two classes; bitches, three classes; bitches as sweepstakes, two classes.

Poultry, pair of one year and over, form one class; pairs under one year, one class. Under the head of poultry come chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, swans, pigeons, guineas, and ornamental birds.

As this display is open, not only to all the States, but equally so to all the world, it is easy to see from the above the large number of prizes, when multiplied by the immense variety of breeds, will, as said before, run high up into the thousands. An onerous work is before the Bureau of Agriculture of the International Exhibition to make the live stock display the crowning feature of the Agricultural Department; and its officers are determined to leave the railways other free return transportation on live stock.

Horace J. Smith, *in Country Gentleman.*

We are also informed that the Canadian Centennial Commission has made official requisition for space in the live stock yard for the exhibition of 150 head of horses, 150 of neat cattle, 75 sheep, 75 swine and 300 coops of poultry.

From Mr. P. Weilbacher, 44 Pearl St., New York, who has been appointed Director of the Hop Department of the exhibition, we have received a circular stating that applications for space for hops, in bales or samples, plants or roots, presses, kilns, &c., should be made known to him at the above address on or before May 5—except that samples of the crop of 1876 will be received for competition up to Sept. 25th. Full information as regards transportation,

New Advertisements.

Season of 1876.

Wm. Anson Woods'
IMPROVED
MOWING MACHINE.

THE RAPID INCREASE IN THE SALE OF THE PARENT MACHINE, is to be attributed to the fact that

I purchased a Wm. Anson Wood's Mower, which gives me perfect satisfaction. I have cut all my grass on the uneven ground was so unusual. Machine runs very light, where I was told it would be impossible. No *dead* motion. Cuts as well as all the substantial favors of the past, I am, Respectfully yours, W. C. CANNON.

Cannon's Original Wholesale Card House.

Visiting Cards with your name printed from Nickel Silver Type.

$5 White Bristol, or 25 fancy—10 kinds, or 12 Snowflake Marble, Snap or Damask, or 6 Glass, or 6 Floral, in 3 minutes; or the lot, 121 cards, 6¢ and upwards. Send stamp. All other kinds correspondingly low. 60 high-class reprinting at the trade in all directions and with my new machines can print 50 per minute, and lose per month. 240 10cts.

"Why, these are nice cards!" said a lady when calling; "I thought Mr. Cannon's establishment was for cheap cards although the prices are very low, are handsome and elegant. Never was so well suited before." "Now I can get some for one cent each," and like expressions come by almost every mail. I send 61 volumes with compliments, they have received. But one pack carries the reputation of the whole. Send for the agent's copy is correct and plain, if cards do not suit in every particular they may be returned, and I will refund the money. My reputation rests upon this offer.

I have 61 designs for illustrated Business Cards, representing every business, no business is a test picture in one color and their name and address in another color across letterine, thereby saving much time. Some of these are consequently make many enemies by refusing our work. A note of this. If you desire an agency please send 10 cents for my new illustrated paper, THE LITERARY CLASS. It will tell you all about the business, and you'll send you "ten CIRCULAR and 50 white cards, and 25 samples of the 3 gilt-printed cards. These seem to meet with more favor than anything else ever offered to the public. Better or more satisfactory work cannot be obtained in the world. Address

W. C. CANNON,
713 Washington Street, Boston.

EMIGRANT SAVINGS BANK,
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MONEY deposited NOW will go on interest next month

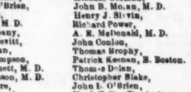
Deposits of $1000 allowed to remain and draw interest until they reach the sum of $1500. Total amount of deposits received up to Feb. 2, 1876, $6 087,419 81.

The Bank is under the management of many leading citizens identified with the various classes of depositors, and has become one of the most successful savings institutions in New England

References.

The Board of Officers of the Bank have permission to refer to Most Reverend John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, Right Reverend P. T. O'Reilley, Bishop of Springfield, and the clergy of each diocese. ap29—7t

Allen's Planet Jr. SILVER MEDAL



Seed Drills and Wheel Hoes, *perfected for* '76. Four kinds. They open a furrow, sow seed, and low hoe—*easier and it works more faster* than the hand hoe; often saving $100 in a season!

OUR NEW HORSE HOE performed after ten years of experiment, is the most wonderful implement in the cultivator line. It opens the ground level or ridged as desired; opens furrows, sows seed, covers, and cultivates, all at one time, or any two, as desired. It should be owned by *every farmer*. ESPECIALLY USEFUL to Market Gardeners, Fruit Growers, Cotton, Corn and Sugar Growers, and to all tillers of thorough work.

Also Hand Seed Drills, with *Patented Steel* Hoes, with the PLANET JR. DISTRIBUTER! It is right, always, and *never* fails. Two horses invented particularly for this purpose. Complete directions for use sent with each machine. Our full Descriptive Price List and Testimonials free. *Mention this paper.* S. L. ALLEN & CO., 128 So. Fourth St., Phila., Pa. Sold by dealers in all the LIVE AGRICULTURAL TOWNS IN EVERY TOWN.

JOB. BRECK & SONS, Agts. for Boston and vicinity.
decll-eow13t

A. BRADFORD,
BREEDER OF
White Cochins, Black Cochins,
—AND—
BROWN LECHORNS.
Eggs for Hatching, $1.00 per dozen.
TIVERTON, R. I.

STASSFURT
POTASH SALTS,
FOR FERTILIZING.

IMPORTED by the undersigned direct from the Mines in Germany, as usual:—

MURIATE OF POTASH, 81 per cent
SULPHATE OF POTASH, 52 per cent Sulphate of Potash, and 32 per cent Sulphate of Magnesium.

For sale by the ton or car load by
HENRY G. HAWES, 2 Central Wharf,
P. O. Box 1791. ap20-3t

Strawberry Plants.

D. C. TALBOT, Norwood, Mass., still continues to furnish good plants at the usual prices, viz., $5 per thousand, or five thousand for $20. All the best kinds, Wilson, Downer, Kentucky, Chas. Downing, Cutter, Lady of the Lake, &c.

Extra plants of the above varieties, $1 per hundred. Jucunda and Triomphe de Gand, $1 50 per hundred.

Asparagus roots, 1 year old, $1 per hundred. Blackberry plants, $2 per hundred.
ap29 3t

DR. PIERCE'S CARD
TO THE PUBLIC.

Why suffer with one or more of those complaints that are hurrying you to a premature grave, when you can find relief by calling on Dr. Pierce, a physician of undoubted ability, whose remarkable success in the treatment and cure of disease is attracting great attention. You will be treated with candor, and have prescribed in my own laboratory, purely vegetable, made from choice Roots, Herbs and Barks. I can assure patients the speedy, safe and most perfect relief at reasonable charges.

I have strictly private consultat on rooms for Ladies or Gentlemen, and am prepared to treat the following diseases, guaranteeing perfect satisfaction.

Asthma, Catarrh, Cancer, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, All disorders of the skin and scalp, (I respectfully invite any person bold or los-

Office at the University Institute of Medicine, 7 Montgomery Place. Nearly opposite Tremont House.
ap22-52t DR. F. PIERCE.

HOG BROOK'S SWIVEL PLOW

continues to be unequalled

Turns a furrow on level land equal to the best landside Plow. *No dead furrowers or ridges.*

Holds easy, draws light, pulverizes thoroughly.
Send for Circular. Manufactured only by
EVERETT & SMALL,
43 South Market St., Boston.
ap27 3t

FREE!

We will send St. Samples of the best selling article, and full particulars how the best paying business free, to any person wishing to test our goods with a view to business. Address with stamp *F. A. Hay & Co. Chicago.*
ap22-4t

FREE TICKET
To Philadelphia and RETURN;
Gen. From any point in U. S. east of Utah.
AGENTS admits to Centen'l Grounds and $10 cash a day easily earned canvassing for our papers, prospectus, &c. Anybody can do it. Particulars free. Send address on postal card. To receive copy of paper also, send 6cts. Address: THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, 31 Day St., New York.
mh11-8t

VINEGAR. HOW MADE IN 10 HOURS.

Cider, Wine or Molasses, **without using drugs.** Name paper and address. F. L. SAGE, Springfield, Mass.
ap8-4t

"Pay as you Go—Get what you Buy—Stop when you Choose."

REFORM IN LIFE INSURANCE.

THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS Life Assurance Society
OF NEW YORK.

Guarantee Cash Capital, invested in U. S. Stocks,
$125,000.
WESTERN UNION BUILDING.

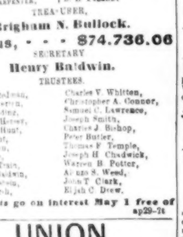
This Society, under its NEW PLANS devised by Mr. Sheppard Homans, Vice President and Actuary, will either issue policies on the payment of uniform annual premiums, or a specified surrender value for every year in cash; the amount of which will be found stated in advance, plainly, upon each policy—or it will furnish a PAID-UP POLICY OR LIFE ASSURANCE at actual current cost for death claims and expenses of management, each year by itself, renewable at the close of any year without further medical examination.

FARMERS

Who want a full equivalent for their money can obtain at this Society a Policy simple, definite and fair, calling for no collections or [illegible]

Full Particulars, apply to

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND
During the Hard Times.



To the tens of thousands [illegible] whose acquaintance has been made through the mail, I here present a copy of my photograph. Some have asked to send me theirs, should be pleased to receive a like compliment from them. Respectfully yours, as well as all the substantial favors of the past, I am,
W. C. CANNON.

Cannon's Original Wholesale Card House.

Visiting Cards with your name printed from Nickel Silver Type.

$5 White Bristol, or 25 fancy—10 kinds, or 12 Snowflake Marble, Snap or Damask, or 6 Glass, or 6 Floral, in 3 minutes; or the lot, 121 cards, 6¢ and upwards. Send stamp. All other kinds correspondingly low. 60 high-class reprinting at the trade in all directions and with my new machines can print 50 per minute, and lose per month. 240 10cts.

"Why, these are nice cards!" said a lady when calling; "I thought Mr. Cannon's establishment was for cheap cards although the prices are very low, are handsome and elegant. Never was so well suited before." "Now I can get some for one cent each," and like expressions come by almost every mail. I send 61 volumes with compliments, they have received. But one pack carries the reputation of the whole. Send for the agent's copy is correct and plain, if cards do not suit in every particular they may be returned, and I will refund the money. My reputation rests upon this offer.

I have 61 designs for illustrated Business Cards, representing every business, no business is a test picture in one color and their name and address in another color across letterine, thereby saving much time. Some of these are consequently make many enemies by refusing our work. A note of this. If you desire an agency please send 10 cents for my new illustrated paper, THE LITERARY CLASS. It will tell you all about the business, and you'll send you "ten CIRCULAR and 50 white cards, and 25 samples of the 3 gilt-printed cards. These seem to meet with more favor than anything else ever offered to the public. Better or more satisfactory work cannot be obtained in the world. Address

W. C. CANNON,
713 Washington Street, Boston.

HAYMAKER MOWER.
Bay State Horse Rake.

READERS of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, I have given you as good a description as I may of this Mower. You have responded by a large call for our circulars; it only requires that we have mutual confidence: you in the genuine merits of the Mower, and our ability to support our claims in th. field, and our warranty to do so; and we in your responsibility to effect the purpose of advertising, this efforted will be to our mutual advantage, as I believe. I stand ready after an experience of over 20 years in Mowers generally, and 4 years close observation of this Mower, as the New Clipper, before fully perfected, to tell you that its new features give it at least a superiority (in every point of view) of 25 per cent over any Mower of the other class, and that I do not fail to satisfy at least 9 of every 10 to whom I may explain (with the machine before us) its principles that I do not exaggerate. I would not say more in p int. Our machines are about ready for distribution, and samples will soon go forward to fill orders already coming in. Your part is to attend in time, would you secure a machine please do so Respectfully,

G. B. WEAVER, Agent.
Newport, R. I

P. S. Keep our *Bay State Rake* in mind as *the best* Rake, and remember that where it is not already represented by Agents, we want them and offer the usual terms. Please call for circulars as you may want for farmers' clubs or individuals. Agent.

G. B. WEAVER, Newport, R. I.,
ap22-tf

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.

To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of JOHN H. BRADFORD, late of Reading, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been mad to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to CHARLES E DAMON, of Reading, in said County of Middlesex.

You ar hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in sai. County of Mi. dlesex, on the second Tuesday of May next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss. Probate Court.

To the heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of SIMON TUTTLE, late of Acton, in said County, deceased,

Greeting.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and codicil thereto, have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by MARY A. TUTTLE, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the second Tuesday of May next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by causing this citation to be published three weeks successively, for three weeks before said Court, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Asparagus Plants.

A LARGE and fine stock of Giant and Conover's Asparagus, plants, one and two years old. Send for price list to JOHN B. MOORE, Concord, Mass.
April 22, 1876. ap22-4t

HENRY N. CLARK,

(Formerly Clark & Leatherbee),
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in all kinds of Lumber for Building and Manufacturing purposes, having taken advantage of the, at present, unusual low prices for lumber, is prepared to offer his large stock of SPRUCE and PINE LUMBER, SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, LATHS, PICKETS, as also, BLACK WALNUT, WHITE WOOD, ASH and HARD PINE LUMBER, at the *Lowest Market Rates*, either by car, direct from mills, or from his wharf. Parties wishing to build or use lumber should avail themselves of this rare opportunity, as such will never recur.

478 Albany Street, off Troy Street.
my29-52t

Wall St. Caricatures,

A NEW BOOK, 48 PAGES, containing 14 engraved illustrations, WITH INFORMATION FOR STOCK SPECULATORS; plain, clearly written, concise; paper covers FREE, by mail. TUMBRIDGE & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
2 Wall St., New York.

Clarks' Anti-Bilious Compound

Never fails to give a good appetite. It purifies the blood, and restores to th- Liver its primitive health and vigor. It is the best remedy in existence for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Liver Complaint, Bilious-ness, Jaundice, Consumption, Scrofula, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Blood and Kidney Diseases, General Debility, Nervous Headache, and Female Diseases.

A REWARD

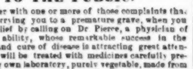
Was, for three years, off-red for any case of the above diseases which could not be cured by Clarks' Anti-Bilious Compound

It is sold by nearly every druggist in the United States Price $1 00 per bottle

R. C. & C. S. CLARK,
ap22-26t* Cleveland, O.

MARYLAND

Farms for sale on great M.l and Del. Peninsula. Send for free Catalogue to WM. S. RIDGELY, Greensborough, Md.



GRAIN TILE

FOR UNDERDRAINING LAND,

MANUFACTURED BY
GEO. W. WIGGIN, Exeter, N. H.
Send for price list. ap1'-1t*-ly-3dJy-Stos*

WOOD B PUMPS G

Robbins's Standard Cucumber and Centre Ch.'s Pumps, with copper cylinder and new styles, and all valuable improvements. Robbins's Improved Lead-Lined Cistern Pump, the best and cheapest LARGE, prizes SMALL. Victors. Dealers and the Trade generally supplied on the most favorable terms. Send for illustrated circular, with prices and terms.

C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r, 506 Commerce St., Phila

These Pumps can be seen at Centennial Exhib., Agricult. Hall, Cor. Aisles 9 & N, Column Letter O, No 10.
ap15-26t

FALL RIVER LINE
FOR
NEW YORK.
Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington.

And all Points South and West via Fall River and Newport. The world renowned Steamers PROVIDENCE and BRISTOL.

FARE $4, FIRST CLASS.

Trains leave Old Colony Depot, corner South and Kneeland Streets, daily, at 4.30 and 6. P. M. (SUNDAYS June 11th to Sept. 10th, inc., at 7 P. M.) connecting with steamers at Fall River.

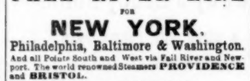
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT on each Steamer every evening during the season of pleasure travel.

Tickets, Staterooms and Berths secured at 3 Old State House, corner of Washington and State Streets, and at Old Colony Depot.

J. R. KENDRICK, Supt. O. C. RR. L. H. PALMER, Ticket Ag't, 3 Old State House
ap15-tf

Notice to the Trade and Agents.

DREW'S ELASTIC HAIR CRIMPER.



Particulars free. Sample pair by mail 15c. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
BOSTON NOVELTY CO., BOSTON, MASS.
ap15-13t

NO. 1
PURE PERUVIAN GUANO,

OF the finest quality, and at greatly reduced prices, in quantities to suit, from 500 pounds to 500 tons.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
51 & 52 No. Market Street, Boston

A CARD.

100 000 STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS for sale bel w cost. One dozen elegant Stereo copic Views of the Centennial, with prize list, sent by mail for 75 cts., or with Stereoscope for $1 50. Address C. W. WHITNEY & CO., Chester, Pa. mh15 13t

DON'T FORGET IT!"—Singer's Safety Guard is worth all the Burglar Alarms ever invented A cats wonted every where. Silver plated sample prepaid on receipt of 25 cents Address A. H. HINGHAM, 628 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa mh11-52t

AGENTS, MALE AND FEMALE, WANTED every where, to handle the Pat. at Crown Self-Closing Inkstand. Sells itself at sight wherever lok is used. Pr ts immense Sample 7 cents. Address A. H. HINGHAM, 628 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa mh11-52t

WANTED AGENTS For the GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY
UNIVERSAL
to the close of the first 100 years of our National Independence, including an account of the coming Grand Centennial Exhibition. 700 p ges. fine engravings, low price, quick sales. Extra terms. Send for Circular
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 518 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. ap15—13t

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Where fortunes are made every day without risk, in Stock Privileges, (Puts and Calls) We advise when and how to operate safely. Book giving full information sent free Address,

BAXTER & CO.,
Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

Small sums invested for parties at a distance, and profits promptly remitted by Bank Draft nov27-52t

PRESCRIPTION FREE

for the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or exposure. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address Post Office Box 2296, New York sept-52t

AGENTS WANTED.

Something new that will sell. Only 10 Cts. The MAGIC DISH WASHER, CHIMNEY CLEANER, CORK PULLER and DUSTER. Four useful articles combined in one. It is an article of merit and sells at SIGHT. No house, store or factory will be without one. Send 10 cents for sample and terms.

NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY MANF'G CO.,
mh11-59t 24 Portland Street, Boston, Mass.

Farm at Auction in Concord.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on TUESDAY, April 25, at ½ o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the Farm of the late FREDERICK BARRETT, in the west part of Concord, near Barrett's Mill, so called, two miles from the Centre, one mile from Concord Junction, and adjoining the "Annursnack" Farm of J. W. Worcester, containing 85 acres, divided into tillage, mowing, pasturing and wood land, has been carried on for 25 years as a milk farm, and is now in good state of cultivation. The buildings consist of a two-story House, 8 rooms, a Barn 45x80 feet, with cellar, all in fair condition.

Also, about 25 acres of Pasture Land, lying on the "Lincoln road," with some woodland, a large lot of bearing apple trees, and known as the "Ash Swamp"

Also, about 12 acres of Pasture Land, adjoining the above, with a large lot of bearing apple trees on same.

Also, 11 acres of Meadow and Wood-land, called the "Five Acre Lot," lying near the house of Joseph A. Smith, with wood on the same or 20 years' growth.

Also, about 120 acres of Pasture Land, lying in the town of Temple and Petersboro', N. H., and known as the "Goodi l Pasture," and one of the best pastures in that vicinity.

The Farm and outlands will be sold at the homestead, if not previously disposed of at private sale.

Terms: $5 00 cash on the Farms at day of sale; 10 per cent cash on the outlands; on the remainder the conditions will be made known at time and place of sale.

For further particulars, inquire of CHARLES M. BARRETT, 220 Congress Street, Boston; GEO. H. BARRETT, Waltham; WM. G. BARRETT, 2d, near the premises, Concord, or the Auctioneers, Concord.

Per order of the heirs of the late Prescott Barrett. Concord, April 10, 1876.

ap15-2t S. STAPLES & CO., Auctioneers.

$35 Per Acre

Will buy the best Stock Farm of 1000 acres in New England, situated 15 miles from Boston, including buildings and stock that would cost $15,000; walls and fences, $10,000; wood and timber worth $10,000; in all $35,000.

For practical and stock farming there is none better or equal in New England. The buildings are comparatively new, consisting of a good 2-story House, conveniently arranged for 2 families, with 10 rooms on a floor; cellar under whole, with stalls nicely arranged for the accommodation of 100 head of cattle, besides pens and sheds for extra cattle, horse, and box stalls. These buildings are all pleasantly situated on a soft, never-failing spring water, from an unfailing source and convenient for use wherever required. The are besides so connected that a person can pass from one to the other without going out of doors. The cost of the buildings and fencing alone is $15,000, or more.

There are 81 acres of grass land in a high state of cultivation, growing large grass and on some parts of it 2 crops in a season, besides being well watered and well adapted to almost any other kind of crop It is nearly all fitted for machine mowing, being free from stone, and is enclosed by good walls and hedge.

The pasturing, 670 acres, is new land, having been but recently cleared of wood, It is located on high ground and produces large crops of sweet feed; perhaps it is safe to say there is no better in the State. It has always a plentiful supply of running water.

Also 270 acres wood and timber land, mostly chestnut and hard wood, 200 acres of which is ready to cut, and for which a ready market may be found near at hand.

800 acres of this Farm, with buildings, including all the cattle and hay, will be sold at least 100 tons of wood and timber land, will be sold at $50 per acre.

The only important herd of Swiss cattle, with all their progeny, now 50 head, for sale at private sale, and for sale for New England for milk, butter and beef combined.

Apply at HIGHLOW'S, 460 Main st., or address Box 6 ALGRICH, Box 326, Worcester, Mass., who will show the farm free of expense. mh21-13t

Farms For Sale,

Within 12 to 15 miles of Boston, by HENRY F. BERENSON, Real Estate and Mortgage Broker, 225 Washington Street, (Room 12,) Boston.
ap15-3t*

Farm for Sale.

A Catalogue of some THREE HUNDRED Farms of various size and prices will be sent on receipt of postage. Distance from city depot, acres, title, number of rooms, and terms given. Letters of inquiry promptly answered
JAMES GRAY, 25 Tremont Row.
feb26 26t

Farm for Sale.

Situated in Holliston, Mass., containing 43 acres suitably divided.

Excellent House and Barn, with cellar, Shop, Wood-shed and Carriage House.

Buildings in good repair Good water at House and Barn Apply to G. W PHIPPS, on the premises.
feb5-13t

Strawberry Plants.

	Doz.	Hund.	1000.	5000.
MONARCH OF THE WEST	.50	$1.25	$7.00	
CHARLES DOWNING		1.00	5.00	
WILSON'S ALBANY		1.00	6.00	$20.00
CUTTER'S SEEDLING		1.00	4 00	

The above plants are well packed and will be packed and delivered to express office free of charge.
JOSHUA ALLEN, Walpole, Mass.
ap1-4t

Brittany Cattle For Sale.

COWS, HEIFERS and CALVES, from Chas. L Flint's importation. Address JOSEPH L. PRATT, Reading Mass.
ap8-4t*

Strawberry Plants For Sale.

WILSON'S ALBANY, $3.00 per 1000, $25.00 per 10,000; CHAS. DOWNING, $3.50 per 1000. The plants are true to name, and will be furnished in the best condition for setting.
GEO F. WHEELER, Concord, Mass.
ap5-3t

Brown Leghorns

A SPECIALTY. Choice white cor lobe stock. EGGS $2.50 for 13, or 4.00 for 26, packed and delivered to express. Cash to accompany all orders. My fowls took 1st premium at Concord, Mass., 13 5
H. D. WELLINGTON,
ap6-4t* East Lexington, Mass.

Proposals.

PROPOSALS will be received until the 25th inst. by the undersigned, for building a house on the Town Farm, for one year from the 10th day of May next.

JEDEDIAH DWELLEY, HENRY J. CURTIS, ISAAC O. ATKINSON, Overseers of the Town of Hanover.

Hanover, April 1, 1876 ap8-3t

White Leghorn Eggs,

$1.00 PER SETTING of 13, from 1st premium stock at the Essex Agricultural Fair at Danvers, Sept. 1875.
J. OSBORN
ap1-4t* No. 141 Central St., Peabody, Mass.

Imperial Pekin Ducks.

FARMERS, GET THE BEST.

THEY excel all others, for their large size, rapid growth, great fecundity and fertility Eggs from stock of the highest order, importations of 1873 and 1875 for sale in the season. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Address
B. N. ADAMS, Quincy, Mass.
P. O. Box 426. feb5 26t

Plymouth Rocks.

WILL sell a few trios of the above celebrated Fowls, at $20 per trio

These are from Premium Stock, and from the finest flock in the State.

EGGS from the above carefully packed and delivered to any express, at $1.50 for 13; $2 for 26.
ALONZO K. TUCKER and Son,
Address FRANK I. HOWE,
mh7-6t* 66 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

Choice Fowls and Eggs.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS DARK BRAHMA, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 27 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by H. B. PERKINS
238 Broadway, Lynn, Mass.
Enclose and send stamp for Circular. jan8-4t

Farm by Auction.

Will be sold by Auction, on TUESDAY, the 25th day of April instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the well known Farm of the late JAMES C. ELLIOTT, East Haverh ll, Mass Said Farm consists of about 70 acres of Pasture and Tillage land, and about 80 acres of woodland. Said Farm is one of the best and easiest of cultivation in the county of Essex.
ap15-2t*

Prize Ayrshire Bull For Sale,

21-2 YEARS OLD, from thoroughbred stock, large, fine looking, and in every respect a desirable animal. Price $100.00.
L. W. WESTON,
Address Lincoln, Mass.
ap15-3t*

Light Brahma

AND W. F. B. SPANISH EGGS.

STANDARD AND PREMIUM STOCK EGGS from $1 to $4 per 15, according to quality WHITE DORKING EGGS $4 per 13; 4 different pens of Brahmas.
H. ALLEN
ap15-4t Manchester, Mass.

For Sale,

AYRSHIRE COW ANNIE LAURIE (857) A. A. H. B. 6 years old, and Heifer Calf one week old. Price for both the times. For pedigree, &c., inquire of H. E. BACON,
So. Walpole, Mass.
ap15-3t*

Hapgood Field Corn.

EARS of this Corn often grow fifteen inches long and mature in ninety days

Good shelled seed can be obtained of the subscriber at 75 cents per peck, $2 50 per bushel; put up in bags and delivered at Express.
O. B. HADWEN,
ap15-2t Worcester, Mass.

Pasturage

TO LET, for the season, for cattle, in Hull, Peddock's Island, Bunker Hill and Hampton Hill.
Address, JOHN F. ANDREW, P. O. Box 853,
ap22-tf Boston, Mass.

To Let,

The well known KING GAY FARM, Norwood, Mass., consisting of about 80 acres, under high state of cultivation, pasture land and woodland, with running brook. Would also rent or sell Dairy Farm. Will let for a term of years at a reasonable price; or will sell or exchange for city property. The proprietors of the new shetcair in Norwood, will run an extra train morning, noon and evening, will afford special facilities for bringing milk to the city, the road running directly through the farm, which is only 13 miles from Boston. No broken used apply. Apply to CHAS. F. ADAMS, 105 Arch street, or O. HENRY ADAMS, 326 Washington street, Boston.
ap21-tf

For Sale.

SEVERAL choice DOMINIQUE COCKERELS, from DEE'S Prize Stock. Also, a few of the WHITE LEGHORN HENS, of the very best strain. Will sell cheap for want of room. W. B. WARD,
ap22-1t Chestnut Hill, Mass.

GEO. S. WHEELER,

New Ipswich, N. H.,

BREEDER of Premium Bronze Turkeys, (Descendants of a pen of 9 cock, 9 hen, Pekin Ducks, P. Rocks, L. Brahmas, White and Brown Leghorns, Bronze Turkeys, $6. Ducks, $5; all others, $1 50. ap22 6t

Strawberries and Small Fruits.

THE best old varieties, and the new and better ones, including his new prize seedling Strawberries, Caroline, Grace and Belle. Send for price list to JOHN B MOORE, Concord, Mass.
April 22, 1876. ap22-4t

PEA COMB

PARTRIDGE COCHINS.

My stock is as good if not the best in this country. It is from stock imported by Mr. Forsyth of Canada. A few dozen at $6 per dozen, or two duo $10. Also, I have a very fine breeding stock of LEGHORNS, HAMBURGS, COCHINS, BRAHMAS, HOUDANS, LAFLECHE, BANTAMS, GAMES and SPANISH. PRICE LIST OF EGGS FREE. C. W. GUY,
mh5-cowtf Norwood, Mass.

100 Styles 50 for 10c. **CARDS** Agts wanted. Particulars free. G. Ullman, 13 Winter St., Boston, Mass. jan31-26t

ESTABLISHED 1820.

Jos. Breck & Sons'

PLOWS.

GIBBS' CYLINDER,
MARTIN'S IMPROVED EAGLE,
HOLBROOK'S SWIVEL,
CONTRACTOR'S AND GRADING,
SUBSOIL AND DOUBLE MOULD,
BEST STEEL.

HARROWS.

NISHWITZ PULVERIZING,
BUCKLIN,
SHARE'S,
SCOTCH, A, GEDDES.

Seed Sowers.

Willis Improved,
Matthews & Matthews Combined,
Planet Combined Drill & Hoe,
Cahoon's Broadcast Grass Seed.

Steel and Iron Tooth Cultivators.

HORSE HOES, all kinds,
ROAD SCRAPERS,
BLANCHARD CHURNS,
CHURNS, all best kinds,
FIELD AND GARDEN ROLLERS,
SHOVELS,
WHEELBARROWS,
OX YOKES & BOWS,
PLOW CASTINGS.

Philadelphia Lawn Mowers,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of every Description.

Garden, Grass, and Flower Seeds.

All at lowest Wholesale or Retail prices.

Catalogues and Circulars on application.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
51 & 52 North Market St., Boston
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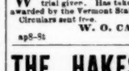

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE---BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1876.

The Poet's Corner.

THE SPARROWS' MAY-DAY.

Said Mr. Sparrow to his wife,
One morning in the early spring:
"Dear Mrs. S——, upon my life,
I've come across the grandest thing—

"A brand-new house, with floors to let,
A mansard roof, and all complete!
We'll take a floor to-day, my pet,
And you must keep it nice and neat.

"The situation is tip-top—
None better wherever'r you hop,
And quite within the reach of all
The windows where the crumbs do fall."

So off they flew in haste, to see
The brand-new house; and, deary me!
Didn't they flutter in and out,
Scarce knowing what they were about!

Good Mrs. S., with straw in mouth,
Picked out a room that faced the south;
For, very prudently, thought she:
"The sun will warm both eggs and me."

But Mr. Sparrow did declare
The sun would surely scorch her there;
And as the room was very high,
Their little ones would fall and die.

At last they settled with each other
The first floor front to be the best;
And how they did help one another
To build a cosy little nest!

They both flew up, they both flew down,
With threads, and rags, and bits of straw;
They were the busiest birds in town,
And each day busier than before,

At last, the nest is all complete,
And Mrs. Sparrow stays inside,
And keeps the house so nice and neat,
That Mr. S. looks on with pride.

And when the little birds appear,
Wont Mr. Sparrow hop and sing,
And say to Mrs. S.: "My dear,
Our brand-new house is just the thing!"

—ALFRED NELSON, *St. Nicholas for May.*

Ladies' Department.

STRONGER THAN LOVE.

I.

One autumn evening in the year 1812, a gay party of young people has assembled in the library of Monsieur Delapierre's Alsatian chateau. The house, charmingly situated on the slope of a wooded hill, once belonged to a noble family, the last scion of which perished in the Revolution. The building had consequently been left to decay, till Monsieur Delapierre, a wealthy financier, purchased the estate and restored the mansion.

Most of the rooms were newly decorated and furnished in the questionable taste of the Empire; but either the new proprietor or the architect he had employed preferred leaving the library intact, as it had been found in good preservation. The ceilings, therefore, still displayed, amidst the elaborate embellishments, the heraldic devices of the previous possessors. Massive bookcases of richly carved oak alternated with pedestals supporting busts of renowned Frenchmen; and, in the spaces above, painting in fresco illustrated some passages in the life of the celebrity whose marble effigy graced the corresponding pedestal. Two innovations had been made, however. French windows now opened to a broad terrace; and in the place of honor at the head of the room stood a bust of Napoleon, the fresco above representing Victory descending with a laurel wreath.

The young people had been sailing on the river, the silver windings of which were visible in the depths of the valley. Now they were scattered in groups about the room, as inclination drew them together. At one of the windows stood several girls, amusing themselves with weaving garlands of flowers which they had brought in from the garden.

'Are you weaving a wreath, Julie?' asked Eugene Delapierre as he joined them. 'Who is the happy person for whose brow it is destined?'

'If I weave a wreath, it shall be for the greatest and best,' answered the fair, bright-eyed Alsatian girl, looking up from her employment, a smile upon her lips.

'And whom amongst these do you deem the greatest and best?' said Eugene, glancing around at the various occupants of the room.

Julie paused a moment, her wreath in her hand. Then she advanced towards Rousard, and placed the flowers on the sculptured brow. 'Honor to him who in his song honors womanhood,' she said.

'Bravo!' cried the assembled, in chorus.

'And you, Elsie, what do you say?'

'Honor to the best,' replied Elsie, in a lower tone, 'My wreath is not of roses but of marguerites, and it must rest upon the pure and holy.'

Stepping forwards, with a low reverence she placed it upon the head of Fenelon.

'Now, Lucienne, it is your turn!' exclaimed Julie.

'Can you ask me my choice?' replied the lovely daughter of the house. 'But my wreath must not be of fading flowers, but of the immortal bay.'

So saying, she hastily plucked a few sprigs from the bay tree that grew on the terrace outside, and twining them together, crowned the Emperor's bust with the shining green leaves. Her breast heaved, her eyes flashed, as the cry passed round, 'Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!' One only remained silent. As Lucienne observed his grave and troubled countenance, she crossed the room to where he stood somewhat apart from the rest.

'What say you, Waldemar?' she asked. 'Have you no greeting for our great hero?'

'You forget, Lucienne,' he returned. 'To me he can only appear in the light of the oppressor of my country.'

'Ah, you do not love France!' she cried, her cheeks flushing, her lips quivering.

'I do love France! When France holds what is dearest to me in the world!' replied the youth. 'But Napoleon is not France. Trust me, Lucienne, the time will come when France will find the idol she has set up is only a false god—a destroyer, not a regenerator, as you would believe.'

'I will not hear you!' Lucienne exclaimed passionately. 'If you really loved me, you would honor what I honor, and hate what I hate! But I am not first in your heart.'

'Dearest, listen,' said Waldemar Steinthal, taking her hand in both his. 'I should not be worthy of you, should not dare to claim a place in your warm heart, did I not love my country and feel for my country's disgrace. When the forester had stricken down the fawn that now follows you so faithfully, did I not watch you binding its wound with these tender little hands? My fatherland lies bleeding, wounded by the mighty hunter, and shall I not at any rate lament over it, if I cannot help to save.'

Lucienne stood for a moment thoughtful. 'Waldemar,' she said at last; 'you would fight against France, then, if the opportunity served? Fight against my country, and lose me.'

'Lose you, Lucienne?' Waldemar questioned in sorrowful accents.

'Yes. It would have to be so,' the girl replied. 'I would never marry the enemy of France.'

At this moment a large black retriever, that had stolen into the room through the open windows, came up to Steinthal, and, licking his hand, testified his joy at the meeting.

'See, here is Gros Noir,' said Waldemar, somewhat bitterly. 'Next to Eugene, he likes me. He makes no question of French or German; he knows where he loves, and is content.'

Lucienne's dark eyes filled with tears: she drew closer to her betrothed. 'Do you think I also shall not be content?' she said, 'But you will let me love France?'

'God forbid I should wish otherwise, little enthusiastic; what a terrible tyrant you must take me for,' said Steinthal, a bright smile lighting up his handsome face, and chasing away the cloud that had rested upon it during the foregoing conversation.

Monsieur Delapierre, in Paris, and Herr Steinthal, in Leipsic, were old friends, and had been much engaged in business together, both being devoted to the delightful pursuit of money-making; the one following it as ardently as the gay capital of the French Empire as the other in the flourishing German town.

Herr Steinthal had an only son, and Monsieur Delapierre an only daughter, and the two worthy and careful fathers, putting their heads together, concluded that the best and most natural thing in the world would be the union of the two houses by the marriage of Waldemar and Lucienne. When Waldemar had passed through his college course and his year of travel, and Lucienne had left her pensionnat, it was considered time to announce to the young people the happiness that awaited them. Waldemar consequently was despatched to Monsieur Delapierre's chateau, where the family had assembled for their summer holiday, to make the acquaintance of his bride elect. Contrary to what might have been expected, young Steinthal and Mademoisile Delapierre became devotedly attached to each other; the only cloud that ever appeared on their horizon arising from the difference in their political feelings. Waldemar, though this was unknown even to his father, had enrolled himself a member of one of the secret societies then so widely spread over Germany, while Eugene Delapierre, a lieutenant in an Imperial regiment, had inoculated his sister with that enthusiastic admiration the soldiers entertained for Napoleon, as well as with a fervent love for France. The young, however, seldom absorb themselves in politics; and, notwithstanding this difference, the days passed happily away, and hour by hour their hearts were drawn more closely together.

The marriage was not to take place till the following year, as Lucienne was only seventeen, and it seemed advisable that Waldemar should be conducted in his father's lucrative business before taking upon himself the duties of a Benedict. Waldemar's leave of absence extended to the time when cold winds and falling leaves would warn the Delapierre family to return to their comfortable residence in Paris. A sunny month still remained to intensify the love between the betrothed, and the warm friendship that existed between the future brothers-in-law.

But the happiest time must come to an end. The first tears of real grief that Lucienne had ever shed fell from her eyes as she watched the carriage that conveyed her lover away.

'In one year,' he had whispered, as he folded her in a parting embrace; and she, blushing like a rose, had avowed that she too would count the months till they met again.

II.

One little year! Who can say what event it may bring forth? Who can calculate what changes may come with the changing seasons? In 1812 France and Prussia were allies; but as early as March, 1813, war had been declared between them. Various successes and defeats attended the conflicting armies, till the battle of Leipsic turned the tide of victory in favor of the Germans. How could the German youth refuse to draw the sword for their country's freedom? Who refuse to enrol himself under her banner at her call? Not Waldemar Steinthal. Carried away by the ardent hope for the liberation of Germany, he had rushed to take part in the struggle, perhaps scarcely prepared at the moment for the personal loss that must ensue.

The sun was setting, lurid through the smoke that hung over the battle-field of Leipsic, on the evening of the 17th of October. The roar of guns had ceased. The silence was dreadful after the deafening clamor of the fight, for it was the silence of death. Thousands of brave men, who in the morning had advanced to the combat full of ardor and hope, lay stretched cold and lifeless on the plain. That day's victory had decimated Germany, and with victory the yoke that had pressed on the beloved fatherland was broken forever. The French Empire had cast itself against the strong German heart, and been broken like a hollow earthern vessel against a rock. So had the Roman armies been driven back by Arminius. So had the burning eloquence of Luther destroyed the supremacy of the Pope: so shall a people conquer who, to use the words of Korner, think no sacrifice too great for that first of mortal blessings, their 'country's freedom.'

In a corner of the battle-field near the Elster, and within sight of the town of Leipsic, a group of young men had bivouacked. By the black tunic with red facings, and the oilskin cap, might be recognized the remnant of Lutzow's brave band of volunteers. Several of their number were missing since the morning; two or three of those now gathered round the camp fire were wounded. In spite of the success of their arms they were silent and sad—partly from physical exhaustion after the three days' struggle, partly from the blank left in their ranks, speaking to them of loss amidst the general gain.

'Cheer up, comrades!' exclaimed a junker, whom frequent duels and burschen exploits had rendered familiar with danger, and on whose reckless temperament the horrors with which he was surrounded made little impression. 'Here is wine, Bacchus be thanked! Drink, comrades, and quench the smell of powder in glorious nectar!'

'Give some here, quick, Heinrich,' said Waldemar Steinthal. 'Max is faint from his wound.'

'Not a drop, till you are ready to pledge me in a cup to Blucher the old hackaword!' Heinrich replied.

'Give it here,' said Waldemar, once more. 'We will drink to Blucher with all our hearts.' Then he added, in a lower tone, 'Max, Max, drink.'

As he spoke, he held a flask to the lips of a youth lying on his cloak beside him. After Max had tasted the wine, he strove to raise himself on his elbow.

'It is nothing,' he said, sinking down again. 'Only a cut about the head. Lieschen will think none the worse of me for a scar.' And a smile stole over his pallid face.

'Another cup,' cried Heinrich. 'To the memory of Queen Louise, the good angel!'

Again the cups clinked. Several rose to their feet while they reverently mentioned the name of the woman so much beloved.

'One also to the memory of our comrade, Karl Theodor,' exclaimed another of the volunteers.

'To Korner!' shouted the band. Heinrich Bergholt struck up the well-known strain, 'Was Schwert,' and soon the wild words, 'Hurrah, hurrah!' rang through the battle-field.

A handsome, blue-eyed youth, scarcely more than a boy, at this moment joined the circle, and throwing down an empty pail, sank on the ground, covering his face with his hands.

'Be silent, Heinrich,' he cried, after a few minutes, lifting his head and dashing the tears from his eyes. 'Is this a time for singing? But you would sing in Gehenna, I believe, some of you.'

'What is the matter, Ludwig? Where is the water?' asked Heinrich, ceasing his song.

'Gone!' returned Ludwig. 'I had to go far up the river, all about here, and all the ponds are bloodstained. If you had but seen the sights I have! The poor dying wretches screaming for water. How do you know whether they were French or Germans? They were human beings, I suppose. What could I do but give them what I had?'

'Here comes Wolstang with his pail full, fortunately for us, thou soft-hearted boy,' said Heinrich. 'Who would have thought Ludwig would have used thy bayonet as thou didst to-day? Have some wine, and a truce to thy tears. Was der Henker!'

As Bergholt made this exclamation, he started back with an expression of alarm that caused a laugh, as a large black retriever cleared the circle with a bang, and dashed on to where Waldemar was half sitting, half reclining. The dog darted upon him with a cry almost human in its expression of joy, licking his hands and face. Then, changing his tone to a whine, he pulled at his coat, and showed by his action that he desired Steinthal to follow him.

'Good Heavens, it is the Gros Noir!' Waldemar exclaimed. 'Eugene must be here. Heinrich, Julius, Fritz, come with me.' He started up, taking the cloak, on which he had been lying, over his arm. 'Not you, Ludwig—you have had enough, my lad. Bring a torch with you; it has become as dark as the jaws of death.'

The dog, finding that his appeal had been understood, ran on before, bounding over the incumbrances by the way. The men followed more slowly over the ground.

At last the dog stopped, and, raising his head, uttered a howl that made the listeners' blood run cold.

Steinthal seized the torch from his comrade's hand, and stooped down over a heap of slain. There, as he had foreseen, lay the brother of his once promised bride—Eugene Delapierre. A few drops of wine from the flask which they had brought with them were poured between the rigid lips, and then carefully the four youths raised the dying man. They placed him in Waldemar's cloak, and, each taking a corner, they gently bore him in this improvised litter to their camp fire. Gros Noir following close behind.

With aching heart, Steinthal endeavored to restore his friend to consciousness; his tears falling fast the while over the well-known face, on which the seal of death was already set. But it seemed to be Gros Noir licking his master's cold face that at last recalled for a moment the fast ebbing tide of life. Eugene opened his eyes, and on seeing Waldemar, smiled faintly.

'Brother,' he murmured, endeavoring to hold out his hand.

Waldemar clasped it, his strong breast heaving with the emotions and recollections that word had called forth. Eugene made a sign for Waldemar to raise him. With feeble hand he pointed to his breast.

'Take it,' he gasped. Her portrait—letters—she loved you, though she broke off with you. She will know I died—for Fr nce.'

These words were the last effort of expiring nature. A few struggling sighs, and Eugene Delapierre lay dead in Waldemar's arms.

Waldemar covered the form of his friend with the cloak on which he had been laid, and leaving Gros Noir stretched beside the body, retired to a little distance, where, his face buried in his hands, he gave himself up to grief. Not long, however, was he left to the indulgence of his sorrow. Suddenly the bugles sounded to horse—the French were retreating under the cover of the night. The events of that memorable retreat are matters of history. On the night of the 19th, Waldemar Steinthal slept in his father's house.

Herr Steinthal, on the first rumor of the German outbreak, had conveyed himself and his money bags to a place of safety, and the house had been occupied by the sick and wounded ever since the battle of Lutzen. Waldemar, however, found a small room where he could be alone. He had just been assisting to lay in the grave his two dearest friends, Eugene Delapierre and the tender hearted young Ludwig Krone, killed in the melee when the explosion took place at the Lindenau bridge.

Now, at last, Waldemar had time to give to sorrow. He opened the packet taken from the breast pocket of Eugene's coat. The first thing that met his eyes was a beautifully executed miniature of Lucienne. There were the rosy lips he had kissed; there the dark eyes that had looked lovingly into his; there the abundant and glossy hair, a lock of which still rested next his heart. He raised the portrait to his lips. Alas! never more would he meet the light of those speaking eyes—never more bask in the sunny smile of which the picture gave a faint reflex. With a bursting sigh, he laid the miniature by his side, and took up the two or three letters that accompanied it. The sight of the well known handwriting affected him almost as deeply as the pictured face. The letters were addressed to her brother; one seemed to be in answer to some question or expostulation.

'You ask me if I no longer love Waldemar Steinthal. As well ask me if I no longer breathe.' So it ran. 'You men make sacrifices for your emperor and your country; we women also have sacrifices to make. You give your swords, we give our hearts; and mine lies torn and bleeding, broken by this bitter strife between all I hold dear. Sleeping or waking, I have ever one image before me—Waldemar armed against France, perhaps against thee. My prayers are distracted. How can I implore divine aid for one, while I weep to think of the other's fall? Do not think that I blame Waldemar; he could not have done otherwise. It is no wrong, but cruel fate that has come between us. Speak to me no more of marriage; henceforward I dedicate myself to my God, to the unfortunate, and to thee, my brother.'

Waldemar read no more. The letters did but confirm what he knew before.

'Oh, my country,' he cried aloud; 'thou hast cost me much.'

III.

Fifty-seven years passed away. Nature, ever young, ever renovating the old, and restoring the lost, was fresh and fair as former rly around the chateau of the Delapierres, now owned by an aged lady, the last of her race. Deeply affected she had been by the successes of the Germans, and the march of an invading army through the province, but she had opened her doors to the wounded, indiscriminately, whether French or German.

One evening, after a skirmish in the neighborhood, several wounded soldiers were brought to her well known habitation. She came into the hall to receive them, and give orders as to their disposal. Pale and agitated in her semi-religious dress of black serge, her silver gray hair put away under a close white cap, as she stood there, speaking words of comfort and encouragement to the poor fellows who had claimed her hospitality. And thus, in works of mercy, she found alleviation of the life long sorrow that was consuming her.

Seven or eight had been received; another had yet to come, they told her. She waited. He was borne in on a litter, for he had been wounded in the knee. A handsome youth, with deep blue eyes, and fair moustache. When Mademoiselle Delapierre caught sight of his face, she uttered a cry and tottered forward, but restraining herself with an effort, she ordered that he should be conveyed to her own chamber. 'I myself will take charge of him,' she said to the servant who awaited orders.

The woman, who had grown old in the Delapierres' service, would have expostulated, knowing her mistress's feeble state; but Mademoiselle Delapierre, with a movement of her hand, signified her determination. The young man was laid in bed and his wound dressed. It proved not to be serious a simple fracture, that would scarcely produce permanent lameness. When Mamemoiselle entered the room to take up her night watch, he was able to thank her for her kind care. His hostess scarcely appeared to hear what he said; her gaze was fixed on his countenance.

'You are German,' she said.

'I am, madame; I came from Leipsic,' was the answer.

And you name?'

'Waldemar Steinthal.'

'I knew it!' Mademoiselle Delapierre exclaimed, clasping her hands.

The youth regarded her with surprise.

'Your father—it must be—was once—that is, I once knew him,' said Mademoiselle Delapierl, in broken accents. 'Waldemar Steinthal of Leipsic, you say?'

'The same, madame.'

'You are too young to be his son.

'He did not marry till late in life, madame,' the youth replied. 'He suffered from some early disappointment, I have heard.'

The old lady trembled more and more; she sat down by the side of the bed. 'Tell me more,' she said. 'Have you brothers and sisters?'

'One brother and one sister, madame—Eugene and Lucienne. French names, you see. But my father had tender recollections of France, he used to say.'

Mademoiselle Delapierre pressed her hand to her side. Her heart beat painfully. 'And your mother?' she asked.

'Is an angel of goodness, madame,' the young man returned. 'She loved my father. She knew all, and was contented with his friendship. They were happy.'

'Were? You speak in the past tense, my child.

'Alas, yes!' answered the youth. 'My father has been dead some years. But my mother still lives; lives to bless you, madame, for your kindness to her son.'

There was silence for a few minutes; a flood of tender remembrance overpowered her. Then the old lady rose, and opening a cabinet, took from a casket a locket set with brilliants. She touched the spring. Inside was a lock of brown and black hair intertwined, with the initials and date, W. S. L. D., 1812. She stood for a moment as if lost in meditation, then closing the locket, she returned to the side of the bed, and placed it, together with the gold chain to which it was attached, in the youth's hand.

'When you return to Leipsic, give this to your sister,' she said, faltering with emotion. 'Tell her it came from Lucienne Delapierre.'

'Madame? You—'

'Hush!' Mademoiselle Delapierre interposed. 'You have talked enough. You must sleep now. I also am weary. Good-night.'

She stooped and pressed a kiss on the young man's brow. He felt a tear fall, and her lips were cold. She sank back in the chair lounge that had been placed beside the bed, and soon the silence of night was only broken by the regular breathing of the wounded man.

Early in the morning, the old servant came in to relieve her beloved mistress from her watch. But the words she was about to utter were frozen on her lips. Both the inmates of the room were sleeping—the young soldier calmly and soundly, soon to awake to renewed life. Mademoiselle Delapierre slept still more calmly and soundly, a placid smile on her face, pallid as snow. Her waking would be in another world, whither her spirit had flown to rejoin his, the betrothed of her youth, loved so fondly in spite of all adverse influences.

God had joined those two hearts together, but man, with his ambition, his cruel enmity, had put them asunder. In heaven there is peace.

LOST WOMEN.

We commend the following tho ughts to the public:—"Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are those lost women, and the attitude of society towards them? A little child strays from her home enclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicings when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulations! There are no harsh comments upon tired feet, be they ever so dirty. No reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown into womanhood; let her be led from it by the scourge of want; what happens? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she return of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost—lost! Echo, friends and relatives—we disown you; don't ever come to disgrace us. Lost, says society, indifferently. How bad these girls are! And lost—irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and morality. Ah! will not those lost ones be required at our hands hereafter?"

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Who shall be Queen of merry May?
The spring laughs out from op'ning flowers,
The rainbow's smile hath wreathed the showers,
Till every drop a gem is seen
On nature's robe of fairy green;
The birds, like minstrels from the sky,
Pour forth the strains of Paradise.
And the free waters leap and play,
Like children on this holiday,
Hail the Queen of May.

Who shall be Queen of glorious May?
The maid whose cheek with health is bright,
As peach-flowers bathed in morning light,
Whose gentle eye in love looks forth
To bless the loveliness of earth,
Whose sweet, glad voice is blithest heard,
Like carol of the fledging bird,
In answer to her parents' care—
When found some joy that they can share—
She shall be Queen of May.

—*Godey's Lady's Book for May.*

Biographical.

A. T. STEWART.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Alexander Turney Stewart, the merchant prince, who died on Monday, April 10, was born, according to his own statement, October 12, 1803, at the village of Lisburn, a few miles from Belfast, Ireland. His family emigrated from Scotland during the seventeenth century, and his ancestors for several generations were respectable farmers. His father died when he was only three days old, and on his mother's marrying again, the boy was adopted by his grandfather, with whom he went to reside. He was educated at the Belfast Academy, and afterward entered college; but on the death of his grandfather he abandoned, by the advice of his guardian, a worthy Quaker, his collegiate studies, which he had begun with a view to entering the ministry, and was apprenticed to a grocer in Belfast. This was done upon the condition that if, after a month's trial, he was dissatisfied with the business, he should be released; otherwise, he was to pay the sum of £100 for his four years' apprenticeship. A trial of a single week, during which his dainty hands were smeared with molasses, and soiled with paste while engaged in making paper bags, satisfied Stewart; and so, withdrawing from the shop in disgust, he returned to his Quaker guardian at Lisburn, and said, "I have decided to try my fortune in the New World." That was in 1818. Furnished with means and letters of introduction, young Stewart, then seventeen years of age, sailed for New York. Among his letters was one of a highly complimentary character addressed to the late Abraham Bell by the Lisburn Society of Friends, recommending him as an accomplished, intelligent, and honest young man who was seeking a career of the kind in the United States. A few years ago the great merchant offered Bell's family *two thousand dollars* for that letter, but their search for it proved unsuccessful. It was never found.

After spending upward of a year in traveling, in study, in field sports—of which in early life Stewart was exceedingly fond—and participating in the pleasures of New York society, he taught in a school in Roosevelt Street conducted by a brother of the Belfast grocer with whom he had the week's experience of paste and molasses. Among the pupils at that school was Fletcher Harper, the senior member of the house of Harper & Brothers. Stewart acted as an assistant in this institution for upward of a year, and, on coming of age, he returned to Ireland to receive his patrimony, upon the interest of which he had been supported in part in his adopted country. By the advice of a friend, he invested the entire sum, amounting to about $10,000, in Irish linens, lace, and trimmings, with which he embarked for New York. Finding out the owner of a vacant store, No. 283 Broadway, that Stewart and his friends thought would answer his purpose, he called upon him. "But I should not have done so," said the young merchant to the writer, "had I known that the previous tenant failed. Quackenbos—for that was the owner's name," continued Stewart—"was a large man, and I found him seated with his legs on a chair, all bandaged with flannels. 'Who are you?' he said, somewhat gruffly; and then added, after my business had been stated, 'Who knows you?' 'Jacob Clinch,' I replied. 'Ah! if Jacob Clinch knows you, it is all right. You can have the store for $375 per annum.' And so, with the assistance of an expert and a small boy, I began the business of selling dry-goods, my rule being to sell for one dollar what cost me an English shilling. Now, I have to be satisfied with ten per cent. profit."

The following year Stewart was married to the daughter of Jacob Clinch, who survives him; and from the sunny morning in October, 1825, when he opened his small shop, his business career was for fifty-one years one of uninterrupted and, it may be added, unparalleled prosperity. When asked, within a year, by a young friend, why he did not abandon business and have a few years' rest and recreation after working for half a century as few men have ever toiled, Stewart replied: "My pleasure and happiness are in my business, and will always be, so long as a kind God permits me to possess my mental and bodily faculties. I am never so happy as when I go down on a bright morning and find the store filled with thousands of the dear ladies, and see everything that I have planned and projected going on smoothly and successfully. Only in one single point have I failed there. My sales do not yet quite equal the sum on which I have set my heart. I wish my daily sales to average one hundred thousand dollars!"

Mr. Stewart justly deserved the compliment paid to him recently by a friend, who dedicated a work to him as 'the first of American merchants and philanthropists.' In addition to the unheralded thousands that he has during a period of twoscore years given to various objects and persons, we may here recall his ship load of provisions sent to his native land at the period of the famine, on which occasion he gave a free passage to as many emigrants as could be comfortably accommodated. One hundred and thirty-nine, nearly one-half that number being young women, availed themselves of the great merchant's generosity, and came to this country in the returning vessel. To the suffering women of China go he sent, at the time of the conflagration, the sum of $50,000; and to the starving French he sent, at the close of the Franco-German war, a ship-load of flour. About the same time he also forwarded for the relief of a district of Prussia suffering by reason of a failure in their principal crops, a handsome sum of money, for which he received a beautiful letter of thanks from the Crown Princess, Victoria's eldest daughter. The great iron building on Fourth Avenue, New York, erected at a cost of $1,000,000, is expected shortly to be opened for the noble object of afforded homes for about fifteen hundred working girls, where they will enjoy at a trifling cost all the comforts and many of the luxuries of the wealthier classes.

The merchant prince was a firm believer in luck, and was also an inheritor of superstition, so frequently met with among all classes of his native land. For the first he appeared to have abundant reasons in the many marvelous instances of luck, pure or simple, that occurred to himself during his long business career, the details of which our space will not at present permit us to give; of the latter a single instance will suffice. He had a superstitious dread of sitting down at a table with thirteen persons. At one of his dinner parties an expected guest was detained by sudden illness, and it was evident to those well acquainted with Stewart that he was in great distress at the thought of being obliged to sit down with thirteen persons. The warm grasp of the hand and the grateful look that he gave a young gentlemau who came to his relief by inventing some excuse for asking permission to withdraw from the dinner party, and in that way relieving his superstitious friend, will never be forgotten by him, as his considerate deed was never forgotten by Mr. Stewart.

About the middle of March the great merchant had another dinner party, on which occasion it again happened that owing to the non-arrival of a guest, who, at the last moment, announced his inability to be present, there was the dreaded thirteen. On this occasion no considerate guest came to his relief, and Mr. Stewart was most unwillingly compelled to lead the way to his princely dining hall. The dinner party of thirteen was over, the, guests, after an hour spent in the Stewart Gallery—incomparably the finest in the country—took their departure, and the merchant prince retired to his bed, from which he never rose again. That dreaded dinner was his last on earth.

Mr. Stewart was buried in the family vault in St. Mark's Churchyard, on Thursday, the 13th, and near him lie the remains of his mother and his two children, who died in infancy. The great merchant was the last of his race; but there is little danger of the name of Alexander T. Stewart being soon forgotten by the thousands who have been and will hereafter be blessed by his benefactions. He will long continue to 'live upon many memories,' though 'with the buried gone.'—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE FIRST RED CENT.—An item is going the rounds of the papers, stating that the 'first cent was proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other.' The cent recently referred to in the Detroit *News*, belonging to Mr. R. E. Roberts, of that city, has on one side the sun and dial, underneath which are the words, 'Mind your Business,' and on the sides, 'Fugio' and '1787.' On the reverse a circle of thirteen rings, linked together, surrounding one ring, on which is stamped 'United States;' and the centre, 'We are One.' It has always been understood to have been designed by Dr. Franklin. Such is a correct description of the first cent. In this centennial era, correctness in matters of history is important. In this connection the question arises, as it has about 20 millions of old red cents made by the government gone to? Mr. Roberts has also in his possession a copper coin, about the size of the old United States cent, bearing the head of 'Louis XIV., Lois des Francois, 1790.'

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired or sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge; she should be cheerful, intellectual, pious, and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day-laborer, and be always at leisure for "good works," and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home Mission; she should conduct Bible-classes and mother's meeting; should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick; and finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's too.—*London Baptist Magazine.*

DAFFODILS.

I stand, as once I stood of old,
Upon a meadow's green and gold,
This sunny April day;
The little daisies kiss my feet,
The blackbird's call is clear and sweet,
And care is far away.

A solemn peace lies on my heart,
So lately wont to throb and smart,
And chafe at human ills;
I lift my face to feel the breeze
That wanders through the budding trees,
And shakes the daffodils.

How sweet they show to weary eyes,
These hardy yellow blooms that rise
On slender fluted stalks!
They need no culture, thought, or care,
But spring with spring-time, free and fair,
O'er all our common walks.

On meadow green, by leafy hedge,
In woodland shade, and rushy sedge,
By little lowly rills;
While yet the north wind blows his blast,
Before the storm and sleet are past,
Laugh out the daffodils.

They rise this year from last year's grave,
And all their golden tassels wave
As blithely now as then.
So I, who love their beauty so,
Rise up this year from last year's woe,
And gather flowers again.

What though from many a dream I part,
I feel the spring-time in my heart,
My tired sorrows cease.
I whisper to the yellow flowers,
"This year shall bring me summer hours,
And deeper, surer peace."

What though the feet that walked with mine
Through last year's days of shade and shine,
Among the native hills,
Stand lonely under God's blue sky,
Among the daffodils.

What though the hand which held my own
In love's own clasp, while love's own tone
Grew tender unto pain,
Has left my poor hand thin and cold—
I bring the trusting heart of old
To these bright flowers again.

MARRIAGE MEMORIES.

What the father says:

"Which side must I stand on when I have to give her away?"

What the mother says:

"I am sure the ices will be late for breakfast."

What the sister says:

"I flatter myself I am the best-looking of the eight bridesmaids."

What the brother says:

"Of course the best man is behind his time. Just like him!"

What the pew-opener says:

"This way, my dear young lady!"

What the beadle says:

"They are sure to be in time, sir. I will motion to you the moment I see 'em coming."

What the clergyman says:

"Have you got the ring?"

What the crowd says:

"Hoorray! That's 'er! Oh! ain't he guy?"

What the old friend of the family says:

"I have known him, too, since he was so high. That was nigh upon forty years ago!"

What the funny man says:

"You can see from my face that I am just the man to be associated with the bridesmaids!"

What the best man says:

"Good-bye! my own darling mamma and papa. And, Emma dear! please to see that the things are all right before we start."

What the bridegroom says:

"Thank goodness it is all over!"

FASHIONS FOR SPRING, 1876.

Affections are cut close, are worn by old and young, and are equally becoming to all. They are useful for every-day wear, for hill-climbing, and rock-scaling. They come mostly in the old decided colors, and are worn long or short to suit the taste or convenience of the wearer.

Honor is beginning to be considered a somewhat antiquated goods. Several large houses are selling out below cost, preparatory to going out of business, "as there is no profit in it," they say. Large stocks have accumulated on their hands, as they found few purchasers for even the finest quality. Some apparently heavy dealers have failed entirely, and closed up for want of capital.

Generosity was much worn at the holiday season. It is not an imported good, but of home manufacture, and comes in all prices and grades.

Intellect is much sought after at certain shops, where it is supposed to be found. A "shoddy" article is often palmed off upon shoppers, a quality with a cotton back and a satin figure. But those really desirous of purchasing can always find a genuine article, and it is within the means of the poor.

Fraud, though not as popular as it was last year, is occasionally worn as a *negligee* by those retiring into bankruptcy; and at the reception of creditors by their two per cent. debtors.

There is another garment shown at the openings which promises to be as great a favorite this spring as ever. Its common name is Love. It comes in suits, prices ranging from one hundred to many thousand dollars per suit. It is made to order when desired. Sometimes much profit is realized on the sales. Many who have purchased say that it can be turned and made over for another season. There is much counterfeit in the market. It requires a practiced eye to detect the false. Only the real will wear; the frail imitation soon gets shabby by dust and friction. I am told that some of our leading fashionables invest the cheap material, and trimmed up nicely it is thought to look as well as the genuine.

Policy is one of the most popular overgarments of the season. It seems to be worn by all ages and classes. It is considered the "correct thing" for court, business, or society. Some skill is required in wearing it, so that the lining, which is often of a different texture, shall not show. Those designed for ladies are often trimmed with a bewildering combination of puffs, bows, and folds; those for gentlemen are ornamented with red tape.

Orthodoxy is not so high or straight as in former seasons, nor buttoned so closely.

Heresy is very popular, especially when worn with white neck-ties.

Creeds are not so much imported as at one time, but are home-made, which causes a great variety.—"*Bric-a-Brac*;" *Scribner for May.*

WHAT IS A SONNET!

"What is a sonnet?" 'Tis the curving shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A jewel that was carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
"What is a sonnet?" 'Tis a tear that fell
From the great poet's hidden ecstasy:
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes it is a tolling funeral bell.

This is the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played;
And the clear glass where Shakspere's shadow falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a narrow fjord the floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer boundary walls.
—*R. W. Gilder; Scribner for May.*

MNEMOSYNE: A SONNET.

Oft have I thought, musing, my love, on thee
And all the dear delights that I have known,
Love-crowned, since first I knew thee for my own,
That, if by cruel Fate's adverse decree
(Not mine, nor thine, for that can never be)
I ne'er should hear thy voice's dulcet tone,
Nor kiss nor clasp thee more—not all alone—
Companioned still by sweet Mnemosyne—
To her I'd cry, "O goddess who hast power
To bring again my darling to my sight,
And from the Past evoke each vanished hour
That blessed the day or glorified the night,
I envy not the joys a king may boast,
Who ne'er possessed the treasure I have lost!"
—JOHN G. SAXE, *in Harper's Magazine for May.*

☞ God, by his spirit, sometimes clothes his truth with intense light, and impresses it on the mind as if by the point of a diamond. These impressions burn with the spirit of love and are, apparently, as eternal as the soul itself. There they stand, beacons of wisdom, pointing into all truth and showing the way to all righteousness. We may forget our literary acquirements, forget our father's counsel and our mother's sympathy, but these teachings of God's spirit abideth, and with an undiminished brightness burn on the tablets of our memories, pressing us on from strength to strength, till the 'Cherubims lift their wings,' and we by faith see 'God's glory on the mountains.'

Anecdotes.

NOT AT HOME.—An old negro named Ike, not very remarkable but for his piety, was in the habit of praying every night in his cabin, and closing his devotions with a request 'that the Lord would send His holy angel down and carry him home to glory.' His young master, not believing Ike intelligently sincere in his petition, put on a dough face, and wrapping himself up in a sheet, knocked at Ike's door just as he had finished his prayers.

'What is dat?'

'The angel of the Lord, come to take old Ike home to glory,' was the reply.

'Who?' says Ike.

'The angel of the Lord, come to take old Ike home to glory, was again the answer.

'Why, massa, says Ike, 'dat dar darkey ain't been here for more'n three weeks.'

☞ The approved style of announcing weddings wrought in very significant combination in a Georgia exchange of a recent date. Mr. Harry L. Cramp was married to Miss Nettie Kollock, and a paragraph to that effect was headed "Cramp—Kollock."

☞ An uptown man, who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently, that they should argue some question frankly and freely every evening and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be whether a woman could be expected to get along without a spring hat, and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hay loft and was pulling the ladder up after him.—*Norwick Bulletin.*

☞ "How much to take me to the cathedral?" asked a tourist just arrived in Dublin, of a hackman. "Well," said Pat, "the meanest man I ever took gave me three shillings."

☞ You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady who was his partner in